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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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TWENTY-TWO MEN GIVE THEIR LIVES

See
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Two

A MAN FROM MONS AND TILLERY IN THE VILLAGE SHOP

The Brave Deeds for Which
There Are No V.C.s

WHAT BROWN DID

There will never be an end of the Great War; its heroisms and tragedies go ringing through the years.

The C.N. Country Girl was in a village shop making a few purchases when a cheerful voice was heard singing outside.

"Here comes Tillery," said the shopkeeper, the keeper of the only shop in this leafy hamlet by the sea.

"It's a queer name," said the Country Girl, pushing packages into her basket.

"Tisn't his born name," explained the shopkeeper. The Country Girl was going to ask if he were a tiller of the soil, or had got his nickname from the tiller of a boat, when Tillery marched in.

A Strapping Fellow

He opened the door with such a swing that the bell became quite delirious, and as he strode to the counter all the tin goods rattled. A strapping fellow, with a back like a ramrod and cheeks brown as a gipsy's, but with straightforward blue Saxon eyes, unlike any Romany's—such is Tillery.

He put down some coppers with a ring, picked up a tin of boot-polish, nodded to the shopkeeper, and strode out, singing.

"Why do you call him Tillery?" asked the Country Girl.

"Because he was in the 'tillery,'" explained the shopkeeper.

"O, in the war," said the Country Girl.

"Ay!" cried the shopkeeper with enthusiasm. "And he's one of the bravest chaps living, but he's got no medal. He went back with some horses and another fellow and saved a British gun when all the first team, men and horses, had been killed. The man who went back with Tillery was killed too."

Indignant Neighbours

Tillery himself looks quite content, as if he asks nothing better than to plough the fields of his village and forget the war; but his neighbours feel very indignant about it. A few days later the Country Girl spoke to a retired Guards officer about the medal-less condition of Tillery, and he said it reminded him of another case.

During the retreat from Mons a certain regiment was marching in the rear with the Germans hot on their heels. A company commander sent a small party ahead to hold a village while the main body passed through. Some time after he cried out: "Good Heavens! Those men are still in the village! I never sent them the order to retire!"

The regimental-sergeant-major and the quartermaster-sergeant were behind him, and both of them volunteered to go back.

"No, no," he cried, "the Germans

A Flag for Eton Scouts



Scouting is very popular at Eton College, and there is great competition between the patrols for the flag which is awarded for proficiency in scoutcraft. In this picture we see the Provost presenting the flag to the leader of the winning patrol

are in the village by now. I can't throw two more lives after the others."

Then the quartermaster-sergeant, whom we will call Brown, said: "May I have leave to fall out, sir?"

Leave was given, and at once the quartermaster was doubling back to danger, alone. He was young and very smart. When he was close to the village he saw that the Germans were already there, but he crept round to the orchard where his comrades had been posted, and found they had not been discovered. He managed to get them out of the village, and eventually back to the regiment, in safety.

It was a glorious deed, and the officer whose forgetfulness had been retrieved by such courage and skill recommended Brown for the V.C. But nothing came of it.

Time went by. Brown got a commission and was serving with another regiment in Gallipoli. One day the colonel said that an enemy trench had to be stormed, but he could only spare one officer and a hundred men. He

asked for volunteers. Brown immediately undertook to command the assault. The colonel said: "I wish it hadn't been you, Brown." He thought he was going to lose his smartest officer in a forlorn hope.

However, Brown took the trench, and survived. The delighted colonel recommended him for a decoration, and this application went through the hands of a high officer who had been Brown's company commander during the retreat. He was overjoyed at this chance, and passed on the colonel's application strongly recommended. But he was refused again, and Brown has nothing to show for two deeds of great gallantry and fine initiative.

What are we to think of this? Not that there was someone at headquarters who had a grudge against a young officer in the Guards. The explanation is that so many great deeds were done that it was impossible to decorate all the heroes. Let us hope they count it honour enough to have fought for England in her dark hour.

You Can Now Begin
The Children's Treasure House

AND WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD?

Some Secrets About
Peter Pan

THE PLAY PLAYED ONCE BEFORE ONE

One of the tragic things about a book or a play which we love is that the last page comes, the last curtain is rung down, and we cannot know any more about it. We always want to hear what happened to our favourite hero.

The other day Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who was the first Wendy, told some people what might have happened to the lost children in Peter Pan had there been another play about them. For that matter, Miss Trevelyan said, another play had been written by Sir James Barrie, which showed Peter and Wendy afterward. But, alas! the play has only been played once, before an audience of one.

Wendy Grown Up

In this play, which Sir James Barrie called *An Afterthought*, Wendy is grown up and has a little girl called Jane. By the magic which attends Peter Pan and plays of that kind, it is the same nursery that we saw in the play, and not a day older. Jane hears the story of the lost boys and wants to know, of course, what happened to them. Then Wendy tells Jane what she knows about them.

When the play was over and the *Afterward* began, they were just the same, but a bit different. They went to school every day on the top of a bus, and when they were inclined to be naughty (Wendy was very serious and delightful at this point) they played tricks. If the conductor came for the fares before they were quite ready they used to fly off the bus and alight on an inaccessible roof.

Wendy had never got over the love of flying, and always, even when she was grown up and had a little girl called Jane, if she saw a man's hat blown off she wanted to fly after it. Most of the boys, she told Jane, got married in the end. One of them married a titled lady and became a lord. That was Slightly.

Miss Trevelyan did not tell us what Jane said about all this; and now we want to know more. Could not Sir James Barrie write another play with Jane in it, and not keep it to himself this time?

SAVING THE LITTLES

If your pocket-money or your wages should be small, it sometimes seems useless to try to save. But we have heard lately of two boys who saved quite a lot in littles.

One put aside all the threepenny-bits he got, and in three years was able to present the London Hospital with £4. The other collected only farthings, but the Whitstable Cottage Hospital benefited to the tune of £2 5s. 8d.

EVERY MAN FOR HIS FRIEND

A TALE OF GREAT COURAGE

How Twenty-Two Men Gave Their Lives for Their Comrades THE LAST BOAT'S GOOD-BYE

Many people must have been telling the latest fine story of the high seas. It is not about one hero, but about twenty-two, Britishers all.

The true tale of the event has only just come to light, though it is many weeks since it happened. Near the end of October the steamship Eastway, which for some time had been carrying cargoes of coal between England and America, ran into a terrific hurricane off the Bermudas. She had a crew of 34.

Wireless Calls in Vain

The Eastway was a stout boat and had weathered many a gale, but it was soon plain to the captain that unless, by a miracle, the hurricane swept by and left them his vessel was doomed. In vain the wireless operator sent out repeated calls; no help came. The Eastway was rolling about, her holds water-logged, her pumps useless, and timber washing about the decks.

There was no sky to be seen, only great mountains of water heaving up to the heavens. It seemed that each wave must crash down on the gallant little vessel and swamp her. Then the worst possible thing happened. The cargo of coal shifted over and threw the boat on her side.

Just as the captain was ordering the boats to be lowered a huge sea swept the Eastway. She shivered to her heart, but righted herself as far as she could with that immense weight bearing down on one side. When the crew could see again they found that the wave had washed away their captain.

The Last Lifeboat

The mate took charge. There were just a few minutes before the listing vessel must sink. All the lifeboats except one had been smashed. The last was lowered. It would hold 12 men. The third officer was ordered to take charge.

Then came the time when, facing a certain death, the crew of the Eastway showed their mettle.

The last rocket had been thrown up. The wireless man, faithful to the last, was tapping out signals at his post and refused to move. About the slippery, heaving decks were clustered 34 men, each telling his neighbour to go and save himself. In that supreme moment, when everything in human nature tends to make each man fight for his own life, the crew of the Eastway were fighting to be allowed to drown.

Every man was fighting for his friend.

Survivors Picked Up

In the end twelve men were ordered into the lifeboat. She cast off hurriedly to get out of the way of the sinking vessel. Just as the men who remained were waving their good-byes the battered ship gave another sickening lurch and heaved down into the sea and sank. The 22 sailors were sucked down with her. Not one survived.

In the meantime the lifeboat had got away, and she had a miserable 17 hours to go through before finally a British steamer spied the tiny craft and picked up the crew.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cimabue . . . Che-nah-boo-ay
Omicron . . . O-my-kron
Oruro . . . O-roo-ro
Peruzzi . . . Pay-root-se
Sierra Leone . . . Se-air-rah Le-o-ne

SEEING THROUGH THE DARK

MYSTERIOUS RAY AND ITS POWER

The Beginning of a Very Great Transformation NEW CHAPTER OF WIRELESS

For nearly a year the vision of things at a distance, made visible by the powers of wireless, has been coming nearer. Now a man sitting in a pitch-dark room, unseen by a man in the same room, can be seen by a man in another room.

Mr. Thorne Baker early in November last sent some pictures by wireless at a meeting of the Royal Photographic Society and told us in the C.N. how he did it. In a short time any wireless amateur will be able to do it.

A further step has been taken by Mr. J. L. Baird, who sends over short distances by wireless pictures of things that the eye cannot see. He is able to do so because he uses for lighting up an object a kind of light which cannot itself be seen.

Invisible Light

In the bundle of rays of light which come from the Sun, or from an electric lamp there are some which are so short in wave-length that they cannot be seen. These are the rays of ultra-violet light, whose value to our health is so great though we cannot see them.

But the other invisible rays in the bundle are longer than the long red rays, and so are called infra-red. They approach the heat-rays. It is these which Mr. Baird uses.

He places the persons or objects whose images he wishes to transmit in a room where the beams of the electric lights which are allowed to fall on them would powerfully and visibly illuminate them if all were allowed to get to work; but Mr. Baird sifts out of them all the visible rays, leaving the persons or objects subject only to the infra-red rays. As these cannot be seen neither can the persons nor objects be seen. They are invisible in the dark room.

The Wireless Eye

Nevertheless, the reflection of these on to the wireless transmitter of light can be transmitted. These reflections are so altered in reception, or in wireless transmission, that when they reach the receiving screen they become visible. In fact, the image of the object which is invisible to the eye directly looking at it becomes seen at a distance in another room.

On the screen in the distant room will appear the vision of the man who sits in darkness. The dark rays have become transformed by wireless into light rays. What cannot be seen in one room can be seen in another. It is a wonderful thing. Sooner or later such images will be carried over some or all of the distances that wireless can compass.

THE TREASURES OF A GARRET

From a lumber-heap in a garret in the little town of Arques-la-Bataille, near Dieppe, five books have been taken, the property of a hermit who lived and died in poverty there.

Along with some pieces of old china and furniture they were put up to auction and fetched the immense sum of over a hundred thousand francs.

But there was a reason, after all, for the books included a 14th and a 15th-century prayer-book, as well as a 15th-century copy of the famous Romance of the Rose, illustrated with woodcuts. The experts came to bid for them because they had once belonged to M. Dutuit, of Rouen, a notable book-lover and collector of art treasures who presented his collection to the city of Paris some years ago, but gave a few little things to his brother, the godfather of the occupant of the house, who, in turn, gave them to his godson.

SAVED BY BAD SPELLING

John Bunyan's Penny Book

Because Mrs. Miller of Hemel Hempstead was particular about her children's spelling she has got £2100. Forty years ago an old friend made her a present of some rather shabby books, and not long afterwards she found her children playing with one called A Book for Boys and Girls; or Country Rhymes for Children, by John Bunyan, price one penny. Now Mrs. Miller did not want her children to spell rhyme *rhime*, so she took the book away from them lest it should corrupt their spelling, and put it in a cupboard.

Mrs. Miller, who works in a post office and is an intelligent reader of newspapers, saw that a book by John Bunyan had fetched a large sum at an auction the other day, so she took her copy from the cupboard in which it had lain for many years and showed it to an expert. He told her that it was a genuine first edition, and that the only other copy known is in the British Museum. An American bought it from Mrs. Miller for £2100.

If Mrs. Miller had not been careful of her children's spelling this valuable book would probably have been torn up long ago.

A POET OF THE POOR

Jean Richepin Passes On

Jean Richepin, the French poet, has died and been buried with honour at Passy, a district of Paris.

He had been for half a century an outstanding figure among the literary men of France, and had been writing so long that people had forgiven him his early outbursts, which at the time were rather hard to bear.

Jean was from the beginning on the side of the poor against the rich, on the side of the victims of fate against the power which more fortunate people sometimes mis-call Providence. Some of his writings offended religious people. But no one in his generation wrote so magnificently of humble people, of the forgotten, the outcast, the downtrodden.

Jean became known as the Poet of the Humble. Anyone who reads his famous Song of the Beggar or his poem on the Tramp will appreciate this title. He was a picturesque figure, perhaps the last of the great Romantics of the nineteenth century.

Two veteran French poets, Paul Fort and Raoul Ponchon, together with M. Herriot, who has been Prime Minister, helped to carry the pall at their comrade's funeral, and a number of men who represent the arts in Paris were very proud to follow.

ALL HE HAD

The Poor Man's Fiddle

A man called William Henry Bryant has just died in Northampton workhouse and left a touching memento behind him.

He could play the violin, and when he went to the workhouse he took his fiddle with him. Life had not been too friendly to this man, and the House proved a good home. Mr. Twisleton, the Master, was very good to the elderly waif and stray. He, too, plays the fiddle, and is well known in the neighbourhood as an amateur musician.

Poor Bryant was touched by the kindness he received at the hands of the Master, but it was out of his power to make any recognition of it. He had nothing but his fiddle. It was his all. It was to him what an engine is to a boy. He treasured it dearly.

When he lay dying he asked that the fiddle should be given to the Workhouse Master. It was all the pauper could do to offer thanks for the kindness he had received.

AN OLD LADY'S LAST ADVENTURE

U.S. Sailor as the Good Samaritan

DESTROYER TO THE RESCUE

The relatives of Mrs. Earle, late of Leicestershire, are filled with gratitude for a kindly deed done to help her by the American Navy.

Mrs. Earle had a great longing to see her daughter in California again, and so the gallant old lady set off across the world on the liner President Harrison. She was 75.

Nine hundred miles south of Los Angeles she became suddenly very ill, and the ship's doctor said her life could only be saved by an important operation. It was impossible to perform it without surgeons, nurses, operating equipment, and special medical supplies. The captain broadcast an appeal for help, and it was picked up by wireless on the flagship of Admiral R. H. Jackson, who commands the United States fleet of the South Pacific coast.

A Race Against Time

An admiral's duties do not include first-aid to passengers on liners, but no red tape bound this son of America. He instantly ordered a hospital ship to leave San Diego to meet the President Harrison. He did more; he kept in touch with both ships by wireless messages, and when he found that the hospital ship could not go fast enough to save the sinking woman he ordered the destroyer Decatur to go. This swift vessel raced surgeons and nurses to the liner at full speed, and the operation was performed just in time to prolong the sufferer's life.

Unfortunately Mrs. Earle afterwards collapsed, but not till she had been some days with her daughter in California. The long journey had not been in vain; she had the great joy of seeing her loved one again.

There is no doubt that she would have been buried at sea but for the Good Samaritans of the United States Navy.

THINGS SAID

Education is never finished.

Lord Gorell

No one loves the threepenny-bit.

The Times

The English people are convinced that order is necessary.

Lord Grey

The League now stands far stronger than ever before in its history.

Lord Cecil

Hard work, early rising, and regular habits. An old workman explaining his success.

We shall not have another General Strike in my lifetime. Mr. Will Thorne, M.P.

What we want is to see the tools in the hands of those who can use them.

Dean Inge

Since the Security Laws were passed the atmosphere has become unbreathable.

An Italian public man

I have two doctors, my left leg and my right: they have always kept me well and happy.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan

We are getting too much like baa-lambs in following one another.

Mrs. Kendal

I go from this country with a greater feeling of optimism and confidence than I have ever known.

Prime Minister of Australia

There is no more splendid view than from Westminster Bridge. The City is like a city of ivory.

Dean of Westminster

HOW EUROPE STANDS

A NEW YEAR LOOK ROUND

The Reconciliation With Germany and its Good Results WHAT OF RUSSIA AND ITALY

The New Year opens with Europe in a distinctly more hopeful mood than was the case a year ago.

The chief cause of this is Germany's entry into the League of Nations. The step has given a new confidence in her will for peace, reflected in the agreement to hand over to the League the task of looking after her disarmament.

With the question of German disarmament settled the question of a general limitation of armaments naturally becomes more prominent. That is a very thorny problem, but those most closely in touch with it seem most confident that a way of dealing with it will be found.

The Question of the Franc

Russia is the difficulty in the way, but even here there are signs of the triumph of moderate counsels which may yet bring the Soviet Government into the disarmament plans. But Russia must bring her mischief-makers abroad under better control before she can count on the closer intercourse with Western Europe she professes to desire.

France has had a wonderful escape from the brink of disaster with the recovery of the franc. Indeed, she seems to be suffering at the moment from too great a success. When money is rapidly rising in value it causes a fresh set of difficulties, only less bothering than those caused by its fall. Real security only comes when money is steady.

Mussolini's Difficulties

One of the troubles now is that unemployment is increased, and large numbers of Italians whose labour has been welcomed hitherto are now likely to find themselves no longer welcome.

Like most despots, Mussolini is finding himself compelled to keep down discontent by occupying his people's minds with dreams of foreign conquest, and the memory of the loss of the Riviera Provinces to France makes the wilder sort of Italian always ready to show enmity toward his western neighbour. France is already being accused of giving shelter to the enemies of Fascism, and the return of workless families from France will not make things easier.

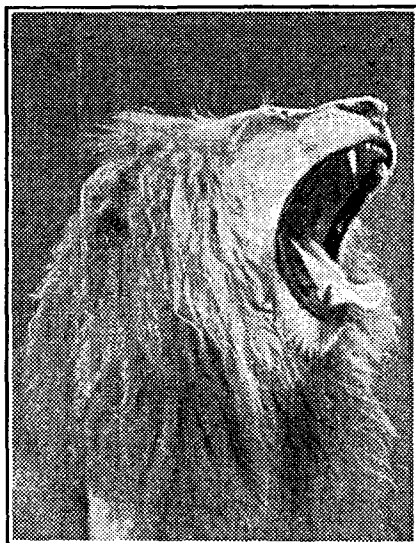
On Italy's other frontier Yugo-Slavia is upset by the new Italian treaty with Albania, which she thinks shows a desire to interfere in Balkan affairs. But the Balkan States themselves have certainly grown much less suspicious of each other lately, a movement which the League is doing all it can to help.

Settling Down

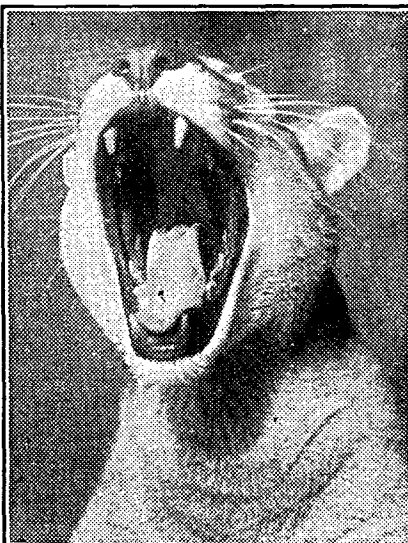
Spain continues to treat her particular Dictator with indolent indifference. Greece has got rid of hers and seems to be getting back to parliamentary government. In Central Europe the recovery of the defeated countries continues, and their relations with their neighbours slowly improve. Vilna is still a source of unrest among the buffer States of Eastern Europe, but the fear of Russia seems less acute.

Let us hope that as last year saw the reconciliation of Germany, so this year may see both Russia and Italy settle down to peace and good government, and cease to give anxiety to the friends of peace in Europe.

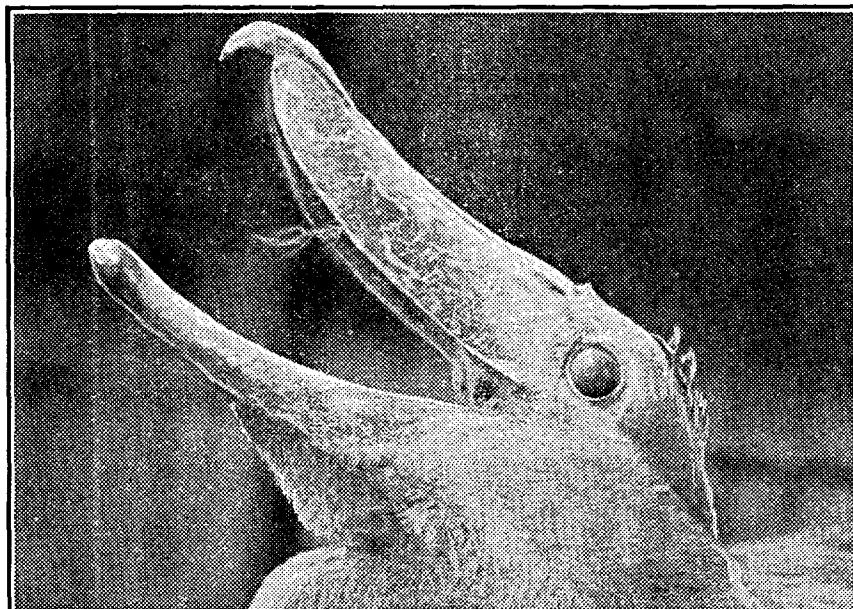
FEELING SLEEPY AT THE ZOO



The lion feels very bored



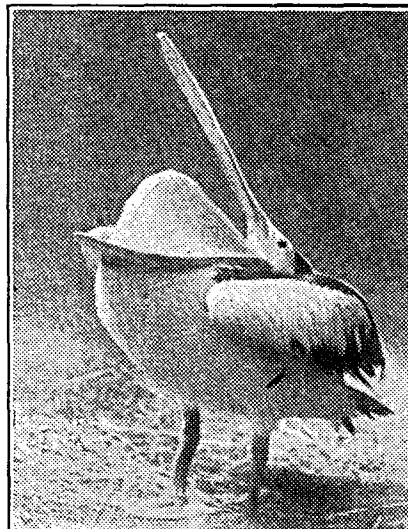
The tired puma's huge yawn



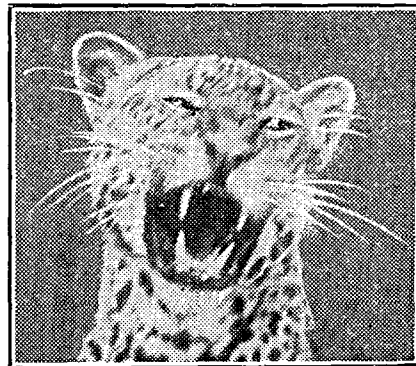
The shoe-bill, or whale-headed stork, opens his curious beak



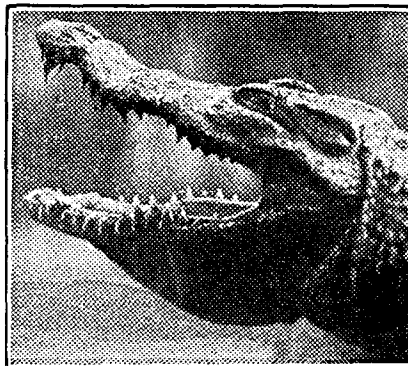
The gaping secretary-bird looks very fierce



A peep inside the pelican's strange beak



The leopard shows his long teeth when he yawns



The alligator has the biggest yawn of all

These pictures of some big yawns at the London Zoo seem to show that the animals and birds are tired of the dull short days and are longing for the summer sunshine. Boys and girls, however, like to visit the Zoo at any time of the year, and many of them are going there just now during their holiday visits to London.

THE RAT BURGLAR

HOW HE GOT THE APPLES

Battle of Wits Between the Rodents and a Man

THE HOLE BEHIND THE BARREL

One of our scientific correspondents has been watching the intelligence of a rat burglar at work in his garden, and he sends us this story of its latest proceedings. Our correspondent is Mr. Reid Moir, the well-known archaeologist.

A great deal has been heard lately of the cunning and skill of the cat-burglar, as he is called, climbing up water-pipes into bedrooms and departing by the same route with other people's jewellery.

These feats, though highly reprehensible, are often rather extraordinary, but they are equalled and surpassed every night by the daring burglaries carried out by rats throughout the country.

Wire Defences

Recently there have come under my personal notice two examples of the remarkable reasoning powers and cunning of rats that are perhaps worthy of being recorded.

In my garden is a fruit-shed, which, when I first bought it, was placed near the house, not far from my bedroom. The shed had not been long erected before we found that the apples were being eaten by rats, which had burrowed under the building and so gained access to the interior. To put a stop to this I got some small-mesh wire-netting, which was nailed round the bottom of the shed and placed in the ground to the depth of a foot or more to prevent the creatures from burrowing underneath.

For some days no more fruit was eaten, and we imagined that the rats were defeated; but one morning I noticed that several apples had been eaten, though I failed entirely to see where the rats had gained an entrance.

An Attack from the Roof

About three nights later I was lying awake when I heard the sound of something dropping on the iron roof of the shed. At first I thought it was pine cones falling from a tree, but examination showed it to be the sound of rats, which had climbed the pine tree, jumped on the roof, and found their way in by a small hole.

Some little time later the fruit-shed was moved to another part of the garden, by a thick hedge, and great care was taken to see that the wire-netting was properly fixed and the hole in the roof made secure. But a few days ago I was astounded to find that the rats had once more gained an entrance and were eating the fruit.

The Rats and the Barrel

My gardener then made an examination, and found that the creatures had actually gnawed a hole through the side of the shed above the level of the wire-netting fixed to the sides. To do this they must have clung to the netting, as the hole was nine inches above the ground. Further, the place of attack was just where the side of the shed approached nearest to the hedge, and where, therefore, their work would be least likely to be seen. Another remarkable fact was that the hole opened into the shed behind a large barrel, so that when inside no one could see the hole.

It may be that the position of the entrance made by the rats was due to chance, but I somehow feel that they knew there was a barrel inside the shed at this place. Now, having put a piece of sheet-iron over the hole, I am waiting for the next attack.

EGYPT HAS A NEW TOWN

AFRICAN WORKERS MIGRATE TO ASIA

Making the Desert Blossom as the Rose

A PORT FOR PALESTINE

The King of Egypt has added a new town to his domain, named after him Port Fuad, as Port Said was named after his great uncle and Ismailia after his father.

All three towns are the creation of the Suez Canal, Ismailia half-way between its two entrances and Port Said and Port Fuad on either side of its northern mouth.

Port Said, in Africa, stands on what is almost an island and has no more room to grow, so a migration is being made to Asia. Though both sides of the Canal are in Egyptian territory, which includes the Sinai Peninsula, one side is in Africa and the other in Asia. There are not many places where in going home to your suburb you pass from one continent to another.

How a Town Grew Up

The beginnings of Port Fuad were before the war, when the Canal Company decided to move its works to the Asiatic side to escape the congestion in Port Said. But the war came, and they were used for a military hospital instead. After the war the trouble of carrying 1300 workers backward and forward across the Canal led to their being housed near the works. Pleasant quarters provided for the European staff made others want to follow, and so a large new town was planned on large modern lines.

And now what before the war was a featureless desert of sand is literally being made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Wide avenues and roads are bordered with trees which already give shelter from the burning sun, public gardens have their smooth turf and brilliant flower-beds, while the villas have gardens of their own.

Looking Forward

Future plans include the creation of a railhead at Port Fuad for the railway into Palestine, which now strikes the Canal thirty miles inland, so that through sleeping-cars can be run from Cairo to Jerusalem, crossing the canal by a train ferry. No doubt it will be possible in due course to extend the journey to Damascus.

What would King Fuad's Caliph predecessors have said to that? And, because larger and more frequent boats come to Port Said than to Jaffa, it is believed that Port Fuad will in time become through the railway the principal port for all Palestine.

A NEW YEAR GUN And What it Will Do

A lady whose name we do not know has made a splendid gift to England. She went to the headquarters of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and gave the secretary fifty pounds for a gun. It is the kind of gun the C.N. likes to think about. Instead of shooting death it shoots life.

This particular gun is to be fixed in the motor-lifeboat which has just been sent to the Aberdeen lifeboat station. When it is fired it shoots out a life-line on to the deck of a sinking ship.

This is the second life-saving gun which this unknown lady has given to England. The other was for the motor-lifeboat at Holyhead.

THE HOME OF LOST THINGS

What London Forgets

THE BEAR THAT WAS LEFT BEHIND

Your umbrella has been lost so often that the Lost Things Office at New Scotland Yard is worn out, and has been obliged to move to a new home.

The kind man who restores it is no longer to be found on the Embankment. He lives in Lambeth Road and has arranged six miles of iron shelves to hold your umbrella.

It is an amazing thing that London should conspire to keep this huge establishment going, with transport cars which are necessary to fetch your umbrella from the depot where the patient bus conductor dropped it to the new home for lost property in the Lambeth Road. We lose about 450 things a day.

Surprise for a Cab Driver

There was a lost bear that caused much excitement last year. It belonged to a Scotsman on his way to the Glasgow Zoo. He was returning from Africa, and had brought with him a tree bear for a keepsake. When he got to London he took a cab from the station to his hotel, but on the way he fell asleep in the cab and the bear thought he would have a nap too. The traveller, suddenly awakened by the cabby, hopped out and forgot all about the bear. Afterwards the cabby found it and took it to Scotland Yard, where the keepers received it with open arms; it was a welcome change from umbrellas.

It is 57 years since the London police arranged a home for lost things. During the first year of its existence about two thousand articles were left there. Last year 163,579 articles were left. For remembering the things that Londoners forget, and taking them to Scotland Yard, drivers have received in one year rewards amounting to about ten thousand pounds.

Paying for Forgetfulness

The cost of maintaining the Lost Property Office is over six thousand pounds a year, and as the bulk of this comes from the ratepayers we note a welcome alteration in the rules. Until now, when you lost your umbrella and it was politely returned to you at Scotland Yard, you were merely asked to pay a trifle for a reward for the bus-driver. London magnificently did the rest.

Now you will have to pay a small percentage toward the upkeep of the office. It is only fair. Those who lose things should pay for finding them.

KEEPING THE-TRAFFIC MOVING

The engineers of the great Pennsylvania Railway in America recently made a new kind of speed record when they had to replace an old bridge on one of the main lines.

The new bridge, which was a 200-ton steel structure, was assembled alongside the old one, and one day just after an express train passed the original bridge was quickly ripped out and the new one slipped in.

The work was actually finished in ten minutes, and another train passed over the new bridge twelve minutes after the express had crossed the old one.

PLAYING 80 GAMES AT ONCE

A remarkable young man is Mr. Samuel Cohen, the champion draughts player of England.

His latest achievement is the breaking of the world record for simultaneous games. He played 80 boards at the same time in a Brixton hall, scoring at the rate of 28 moves a minute. Mr. Cohen lost only four games, drew 19, and was the winner of 57!

TWO CALLS FROM SANTA CLAUS

Christmas has gone, but because it is a time of romance it has left many stories behind it. Things happen at Christmastide that would never happen at any other season of the year. It is the day of miracles.

From one quiet corner of England alone come two true stories which are worth recording, more especially as they are not to be found in any of the grown-up papers. One is about a rather sour-faced old man of 75 who, when asked how he was getting on, used to reply: "Middling, thank 'ee. While us have got a bit of bread and a roof over our heads us mustn't complain. But us hasn't got no little comforts. They did ought to put up the pension in wintertime, I reckon."

£1000 Worth of Happiness

Just before Christmas week he was seen staring into a tempting provision shop with such a beaming face that someone said, "Why, Mr. X, you look as jolly as Santa Claus!" He said, "O, my dear, what do 'ee think? Ten shillings came this morning. I feel I could buy up the High Street! I shall have my little comforts this Christmas." A certain generous neighbour had sent every Old Age Pensioner in the district half a sovereign. It had cost him £907 10s., and it had bought at least a thousand pounds' worth of happiness.

Now we come to the story of a widow with a girl of twelve and a boy of nine. Ever since the boy was five weeks old she has kept them by doing beautiful but badly-paid needlework for a big shop. Except for her son's ill-health she thinks she has had much to be thankful for; she managed to save a few pounds, and she has kept her vow never to beg.

The Last Christmas

But this winter the brave woman injured her hand, and for many long weeks she was not able to work. Soon her savings melted away, and then she had to sell the little trinkets given by her husband. In the midst of these troubles came a worse one, for the doctor said her boy would not live more than a year longer.

The decorations began to appear in the shops, and the boy started to talk of what he hoped to find in his stocking. Imagine his mother's misery! It was his last Christmas, and she could not buy him the thing he so much wanted. In his prayers he asked each night that he might have a toy ship. It was as if he knew she could not buy it, but believed that Heaven would send it.

For some time the poor widow had a desperate hope that somehow the sick child's prayer would be answered, but the days went by and no miracle happened.

A Toy Ship

Then, suddenly, she remembered having read some weeks ago in a local paper a letter asking for funds toward a children's hospital. The name of the writer and the town in which he lived were still unforgotten, so she sat down for the first time in her life to write a begging letter. It was a bitter moment for this brave and independent woman, but she would have endured worse than death for her boy. Suppose she got no reply? She dared not think of that.

"I feel you love children," she wrote to the stranger, "so I dare to ask you to play Santa Claus to my child." She asked only for one thing, the toy ship.

Now, the stranger was not rich, and he lived a long way from shops, but an hour after the widow's letter came a messenger was speeding off to town, and by return of post the toy ship arrived. Books, clothes, and Christmas fare followed, but none of these things gave so much joy as the ship.

After all, the prayer was answered, and no one spent a happier Christmas than the widow's son.

DINGAAN THE ZULU

Why Keep His Name Alive?

AN EVIL EVENT THAT MIGHT BE FORGOTTEN

Nearly a hundred years ago the Boers of Natal inflicted a terrible defeat on the savage Zulu Chief Dingaan, and the question is now being asked if the anniversary of that battle should be celebrated today.

We celebrate the Battle of Trafalgar cheerfully enough, though we are the best of friends with our old enemy, but the Bantu peoples living under the South African Union do not think the two cases are alike.

The Zulu power has been utterly destroyed, and the descendants of Dingaan's Impies are a subject race dependent on the goodwill of their conquerors. Moreover, there is real cause for pain in the memory of Dingaan's Day. The Boers were avenging massacres ordered by Dingaan in which their leader Pieter Retief and his followers, as well as many helpless women and children, perished. The vengeance carried out with cannon and rifle fire against the charging masses of Zulus was a one-sided carnage on a big scale.

Prayers of the Natives

Rand natives have been meeting the Boer celebration of Dingaan's Day with a gathering for prayer and humiliation at which they passed a resolution asking their Boer neighbours to cease from observing the day as a public holiday. They deplore the wickedness of Dingaan's deed, but think the slaughter at Blood River was a sufficient punishment, and they urge that to keep alive the memory of these unhappy events does not tend to harmony and goodwill between white and black.

We are glad to see that at this year's celebration General Smuts hailed General Hertzog as a friend returning home in triumph, regretting that General Botha had not lived to see the victory of reconciliation. We hope both General Smuts and General Hertzog will do their best to remove from the new life of South Africa this annual event which the natives regard with such dislike.

WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN PORTUGAL

Eyes of Singing-Birds Put Out A COUNTRY NOT EDUCATED

The C.N. was recently dealing with the question of education in Portugal. One of our good friends in that country wrote to say that the C.N. was wrong in reporting that education there was at such a low ebb, that it was not so low as we think, that perhaps 40 per cent of the people can read and write.

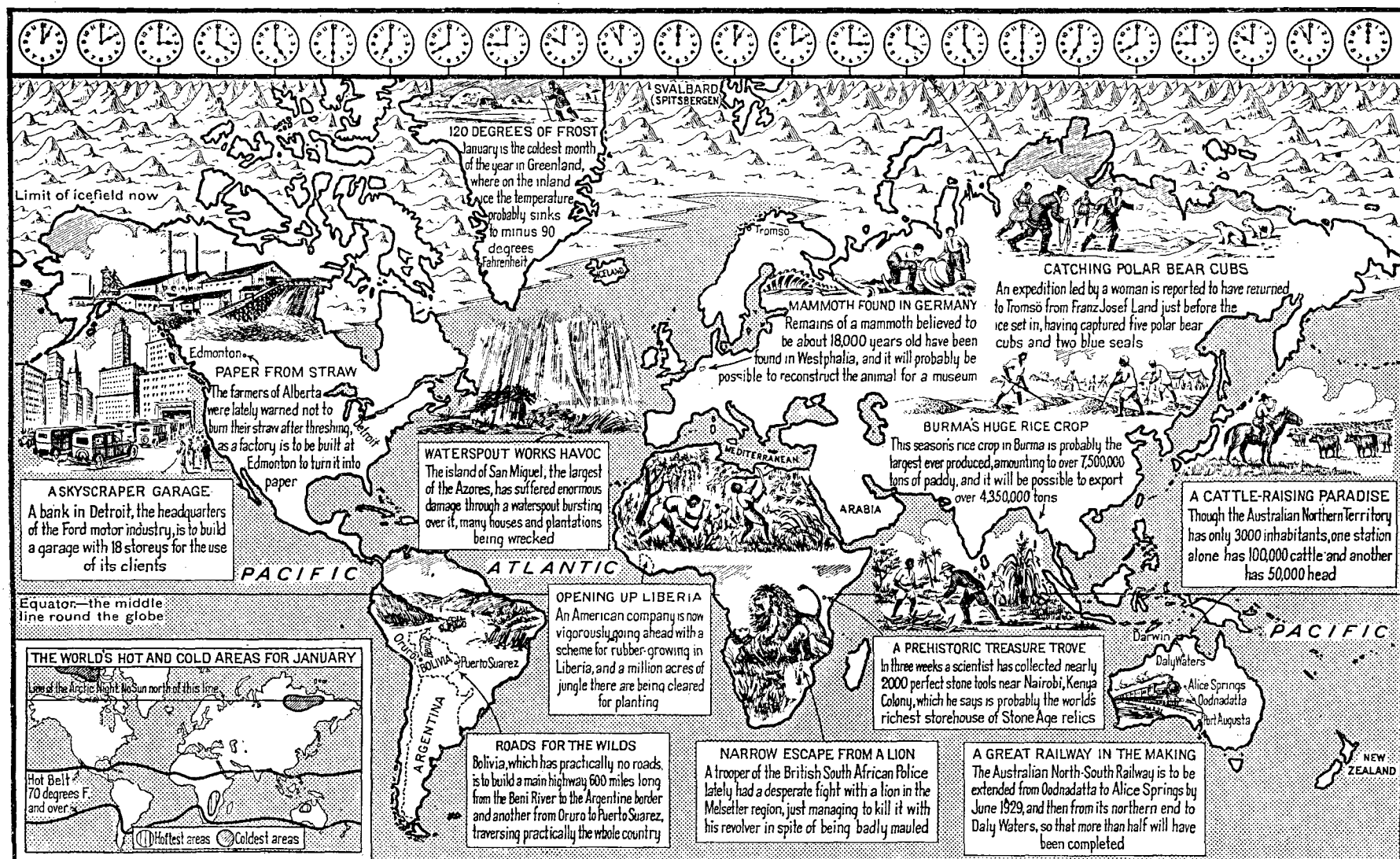
We have just heard something which shows what is the result of a country not educating its people.

Some time ago a number of men were arrested by the Lisbon police. They had been found selling blind singing-birds in the streets. These poor little creatures had had their eyes put out to make them sing better. Twenty-nine cages containing these victims of a most foul cruelty were seized by the police.

In due course the men in question were brought before the bar. Judges were ready to condemn them, but they could find no existing law under which the men could be punished, and the judges were compelled to let the wretches go free, to torture more birds.

So it will probably be until Portugal is educated to a little more humanity. It is almost unthinkable that this can happen in twentieth-century Europe. It would not be possible in a country that was educated.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME-MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SHOULD DRIVERS BE FIT TO DRIVE?

Common Sense in New Jersey

The State of New Jersey, in America, has just passed a sensible law which comes into force next month.

After February 1 all applicants for a licence to drive any motor vehicle must first pass an eye examination, including a strict colour test and the reading of a distant chart.

How different is the state of affairs in this country, where the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the deaf can all insist on a driving licence as soon as they reach the discreet ages of 14 in the case of a motor-cycle and 17 in the case of a car! The stable door is locked after the horse has gone, for only the driver who has proved his unfitness by killing or maiming some unfortunate wayfarer can be prevented from driving.

Is it not time we took a leaf out of the new book of New Jersey?

ELECTRIFYING BRITAIN

More and More Power

Parliament has just passed a great Act for organising and improving the supply of electric power in Britain, and huge developments will follow.

Meanwhile, even under the old system, the improvement has become very rapid. In the year ending last March over 5500 million units of electricity were sold, and with a population of about 44 millions this means an average consumption of 125 units a head, against 117 units the previous year. These figures do not include the supplies for traction generated for railways and tramways.

In spite of the depression in trade the production has increased by nearly ten per cent since 1924, and by nearly 60 per cent since 1920.

DO YOU FEEL HALF-A-CROWN KIND? A Little Warmth for a Big Hospital

We pass on to the big hearts of our readers this little appeal from Lord Knutsford, wishing that every reader of the C.N. could spare half-a-crown to help to warm the London Hospital.

Life is said to be "one blessed thing after another." I can see no blessing in the last one at the London Hospital.

We are up against a really serious difficulty. The whole of our boilers and heating arrangements are condemned, and must be renewed at once. The cost is £23,000, no very big sum for heating and supplying hot water to buildings covering over eight acres, but a dull thing to beg for. There are no sobs in boilers, no heartbeat in hot water; the whole work of the hospital, however, depends on both being efficient.

This difficulty is serious and must be met, and we have not got £23,000, nor, today, as many pence.

ONE MORE WAY OF BEING KIND

A Safeguard Against Cruelty

The R.S.P.C.A. has done one more splendid thing. It is selling a humane snare for catching hares and rabbits. We hope everyone who must use a snare will buy this kind.

Rabbits must be snared. We hate to think of it, but it must be done. If it can be done without pain every decent person will rejoice. The wire snares and the steel-toothed traps that are often used are horribly cruel. The wire snare frequently strangles the rabbit; the steeltrap tortures it. The R.S.P.C.A. snare is equally effective in catching the rabbits and it avoids cruelty. It is a humane snare. If you know anyone who has to catch rabbits please tell them of this new way of doing it. It is one of the small ways in which we can all carry on the good work of being kind to all living things and driving cruelty out of the world.

VANDALS IN THE ALPS

Stripping the Mountains of Their Flowers

All over the world we hear of the damage done by tourists and trippers in plucking flowers and shrubs.

In Venezia Tridentina, one of the prettiest mountain regions of Northern Italy, the hillsides are being stripped of their bloom by selfish visitors, who carry them away by the carload and damage what they leave behind. Particularly they take away the rhododendron blossoms, which are really no good to them as they usually die on the journey. Foreign visitors, and English people among them, one must sorrowfully admit, are bad offenders.

Accordingly the mountains are now being posted with notices of the new edict made by the Prefect, which forbids the breaking or uprooting of flowers or plants; gathering flowers growing on the ground; trading in flowers, with or without roots.

It is sad that it should be needful to prohibit by pains and penalties things which no decent person should think of doing, but the tripper was ever thus.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Blake's Songs of Innocence . . .	£1350
A Chippendale show cabinet . . .	£1207
1st edition of Hardy's Dynasts . . .	£445
An engraving after Gainsborough . . .	£262
A play by Charles Dickens . . .	£245
Etching by Sir D. Y. Cameron . . .	£200
Portrait by Sir J. E. Millais . . .	£115
Ten letters by Thomas Hardy . . .	£106
A letter of Charles Dickens . . .	£95
Eleven letters of Sir J. M. Barrie . . .	£53
A letter of Rudyard Kipling . . .	£39
Four letters of George Meredith . . .	£16
A letter of Bernard Shaw . . .	£8
A letter of Joseph Conrad . . .	£5
A Book of Rhymes for Boys and Girls by John Bunyan, 1686, realised . . .	£2100.

See page two.

THE WEMBLEY PALACES

Scattered Over the Kingdom

NIGERIA A GARAGE AND PALESTINE A LAUNDRY

The destruction and dispersal of the Wembley palaces is still going on, and some have been put to strange uses.

The building which housed the exhibits from Ceylon is now a coach-building factory. That of Sierra Leone is a restaurant in Ireland. A furniture factory at Letchworth was the home of the products of British East Africa. A laundry in Glasgow is being made from the Palestine pavilion. Nigeria's palace is a garage in Preston.

Perhaps the strangest transformation of all is that of the Palace of Beauty. It has been crushed into ballast for one of the new arterial roads. Next time we go on a road excursion into the country we may be running over the Palace of Beauty. Not many of the new roads are things of beauty yet, or look as if they would ever become so.

A contractor has undertaken to break up during the next twelve months Wembley buildings that will yield 15,000 tons of steelwork, timber, glass, and fittings, but the great concrete buildings, like the Palaces of Engineering and Housing, are to remain.

TEN MILLION TREES

What Will the Papers Do With Them?

So successful have been the tests of paper made from the pulp of eucalyptus trees that ten million trees have been planted in Brazil for the manufacture of newspaper. Eucalyptus paper is extraordinarily strong, and is said to be especially suitable for use on high-speed printing presses.

It may be good or bad to turn trees into papers; we may all hope these beautiful trees will be turned into beautiful papers.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 8 1927

Say Thank You

SOMEbody is always doing something for you. Say *Thank You*. It will be a good New Year's habit.

Sir J. M. Barrie has called courage the lovely virtue, and it seems to us that gratitude might claim the title with almost equal right. It certainly is one of the lovely virtues. To be grateful is hardly less noble than to be brave. It is truly a beautiful thing to return thanks as we go along the road of life for its goodness and its grace, for all the charities of the way.

The old Hebrews, recognising all this, had a whole series of graces. There was a grace for food, a grace for when words of wisdom were spoken, a grace for when a noble character was met. In remote parts of Ireland, too, it used to be the custom to say a grace for light when the rushlight was brought in. Charles Lamb thought a grace should be said for every noble book, and we think so too.

Life is full of occasions for the expression of gratitude, and he who does express it is increasing the light of life, bringing inspiration to those through whom the gift comes. There is no doubt that men and women who serve humanity in one way or another are often hungry for gratitude, for a simple heartfelt word of thanks. A great preacher in St. Paul's was found one day rejoicing beyond measure because someone in the crowd who gathered to hear him preach had sent him a flower of gratitude. So simple an act touched the preacher greatly.

"St. Paul's pulpit (he wrote) is terribly in the air, remote from its hearers; it is scattering seeds in the dark, and one knows so little of what one is doing. A genuine bit of thankfulness like this cheers me mightily."

A teacher once showed us a bundle of war-time letters as his most prized possession. For a quarter of a century he had been teaching boys. They came and went, and he had received little evidence of appreciation. He wondered if it was all worth while scattering seeds in the dark. He felt that he was utterly forgotten and that his life had been of little use. But when war broke out, and one after another of his boys had left for the front, he kept in touch with them, and from the trenches came a fervent *Thank You*, flowers of gratitude from wild places in such numbers that the teacher knew beyond any doubt that his work had not been in vain.

But why had he to wait so long? Why do we not learn to say the word of appreciation now? It would be a great New Year's resolve to say *Thank You* in this new stretch of the way.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Polly Moulton Goes Home

POLLY MOULTON has left a Home in Massachusetts, and this is the note we read in a little paper announcing the event:

Today Polly Moulton went home to Nova Scotia. Absolute Jeremiah! "How doth the city sit solitary," and all that sort of thing. All through the day we miss her, but most of all is she missed about the time the birds and squirrels begin to creak and fidget softly as they go to bed in the trees outside.

It is something to be so beloved that the city is solitary when the loved one goes. Happy Polly Moulton! If she sees this in Nova Scotia will she please write to us?

Why 24,000 Lives Went Wrong

THAT worthy soldier Cassio was promoted to lieutenant over Iago's head. The jealous man could not compass the downfall of his rival when he was sober, but he succeeded in leading him to drink on guard, and then came a brawl, disgrace, and loss of office. Afterwards the villain asks, with feigned pity: "What, are you hurt?" Cassio replies: "Ay, past all surgery." Shakespeare makes the ruined man cry out bitterly:

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!

Did Cassio rave? One of our prison medical officers will not have it so. He agrees with Shakespeare. He has examined the cases of 40,000 prisoners and says "Sixty per cent were the direct result of drink."

Think of it! Twenty-four thousand of those miserable gaol birds never meant to do wrong, but are criminals.

We Need to Remind Ourselves

WE need to remind ourselves that the inspiration of the Bible is to be found in its spiritual and moral teaching. It was not intended to give mankind knowledge which they could acquire elsewhere. Bishop of Southwark

A Morning Prayer in a Guide Camp

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who in Thy goodness hast brought us safely through the night to await Thy commands for the day, we beseech Thee to inspire our hearts with noble desires.

In the work and play of this day may we serve Thee in gladness, and keep us on the alert for the chance of helping others.

Through the hours of this day watch over our Camp, and bring us safely to the sunset hour, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Clever Things Said Long Ago

I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

Francis Bacon

The less a man thinks the more he talks.

Montesquieu

Beware of little expenses. A small leak will sink a great ship.

Franklin

Wonderful! I wish it wasn't possible. Dr. Johnson on seeing a dog dance

Tip-Cat

A NEWS heading announces: Bill to end strikes. Bill Adams, no doubt, who won the Battle of Waterloo.

A TRUCE has been called to the meat war between England and America. If they did not need it for the meat they would bury the hatchet.

A FAMOUS cricketer thinks the smaller cricket-ball will be easier to hold.

But how can the batsmen play if he holds it?

SOME of the wealthiest men in the world look the shabbiest. And they often are.

GENERAL SMUTS declares that everybody is now satisfied in South Africa. Why aren't we all there?

WE hear that the Post Office received with much satisfaction the

news that Miss Kaumehamehakikalany of Keolaiakahi, in Hawaii, is not moving to Llanarmonmynyddmawr in Wales.

A SPEAKER says he has lectured under 528 chairmen. We hope they did not all speak at once.

A GOOD performer on the stage can lift a horse. What of it? A bad man in Mexico recently held up a train.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has never met the strong, silent man. Perhaps the silent man does not feel strong enough and keeps out of the way.

My Friend and I

I have a friend,
And we were born
In the selfsame year,
On the selfsame morn.

And every time
That I meet my friend
He has fresh ailments
To defend.

I sing. He sighs,
Then dismisses me
With: *Not so young
As I used to be.*

So different is
My friend from me:
*I am not so young
As I'm going to be.*

Egbert Sandford

The Eternal City

HERE is the Eternal City.
Not that Rome of which
the poets sang,
For Tiber floweth Thames,
And in these endless streets there
is no clang
Of mailed garrison.
But those who fought and died
because of her
Gaze on and gaze again; yet no
men stir.

THEIR dust, these ancient men,
Welds all her walls and
girts her ways about.
Their thoughts they gave to her.
They come not now with thunder
and with shout
Of hardy crossbowmen;
They sleep within their tombs,
hands coldly crossed;
They sleep in stone. They are
not tempest-tossed.

CRUSADERS sheathed in steel,
And old, old kings and
many more uncrowned,
Are sleeping still. We go
As if to gaze awhile on hallowed
ground,
Rich with the ageless dead,
And then we turn into the city's
din
Remembering not who proudly
sleep within.

THEY sleep; they cannot die!
Within our hearts their
pulses beat today
And they still make us men.
Be thankful, Charing Cross! St.
Paul's be glad
For all these old, old dead!
This city flames with beauty to
the skies
Lit by the fire in all those old
dead eyes.

Flora Sandström, London 1925

The Penny Book

SOME of us collect things; others buy them. We believe those who can only afford to collect get most joy out of their possessions. Let them be encouraged by a story we have been reading of a book-loving boy called Edward Gordon Duff.

He was a small boy with a penny a week pocket-money, which he used to put down on a counter saying, "Book, please." There was no picking and choosing; he had to take what he was given. But the shop-keeper sometimes gave better value than he knew. As Edward's pocket-money increased so did his collection. When he died it was sold for £8099.

If the boy had had plenty of money he might have bought sets of new books, but he would have had none of the excitement he felt as he went to the secondhand shop wondering whether his penny would buy a cookery book, an old novel with half its pages missing, an inky Latin grammar, or a first edition of Ivanhoe! Surely rich people, even good rich people, miss half the fun of life! But how sad it is that the day of the Penny Book is over!

An unwise word is more dangerous than a false step. An Arab Proverb

COAL GIVES US A WONDERFUL THING COPYING THE THYROID GLAND

How One Great Discovery
Leads Man to Another

THINKING IN MOLECULES

Behind the announcement that two English chemists have made thyroxin out of coal lies one of the great stories of inspired endeavour and perseverance.

Thyroxin is the chemical substance largely composed of iodine which is given off in very tiny quantities by the thyroid gland in animal bodies. What this hidden gland did for the human or animal body was for long unsuspected. Its remarkable influence and growth are discoveries of modern times. When its usefulness was made known the secret of many diseases was discovered, and men who deal with the chemistry of living things set about finding how to supply the body with the chemical when the supply from the thyroid gland failed.

Expensive and Difficult

Nine years ago Dr. Kendall found what the chemical substance is that the thyroid gland gives forth, and out of a very great number of the thyroid glands of sheep and other animals killed for food he succeeded in extracting it. That is the way thyroxin has been obtained ever since. But it is an expensive and difficult process because enormous numbers of animals have to be killed to get small quantities in a pure state. Dr. Kendall calculated that three tons of thyroid glands were needed to furnish one ounce of extract!

Effort after effort to make it in the laboratory failed. When any gland of the body sets about making chemicals for the body's use it usually makes them like right or left hands, which will fit only into a right or left-hand glove.

Key that Will Not Turn

When chemists try to imitate the same chemicals in their laboratories by building them up with molecules they often fail to impart this right or left-handedness to them. Consequently the imitations will not fit into the gloves which the body offers to them. No working arrangement can be arrived at. The artificial chemical key cannot turn the lock.

Now, there are some men who have the power to think in molecules. It is as if they can see the molecule in the air, holding out an arm here or a hand there for other chemicals to clasp. Professor Barger, who teaches chemistry at Edinburgh University, is one of them. As a boy he was educated in Holland, where his father was our Consul-General, and when he came to England to join the classes of Sir William Ramsay that great chemist soon found that young Barger was not only the best of his pupils but that they could talk on equal terms.

After Nine Years' Work

When Kendall's discovery was announced Professor Barger did not think the molecule was quite right as Kendall described it. He now had pupils of his own, and he set one of the ablest of them, Harington, to work at it. Harington soon came to the conclusion that Kendall had missed out something, and, continually aided by Barger, began making up the molecule of thyroxin in a new way.

He has been nine years or a little less in getting it right, but right it is at last, and it fits into the human body and the body's needs like a hand in a glove.

Harington and Barger will now go down to history together as the men who made thyroxin out of coal-tar, a splendid piece of work, of untold benefit to the human race.

THE RED TIE AND THE BLUE

MANY people were interested to hear that on New Year's Day the red tie worn by the men of the Southern Railway became blue.

Waterloo will not seem like the same station. There was always something friendly in the look of that tie. But we did not know it had a history.

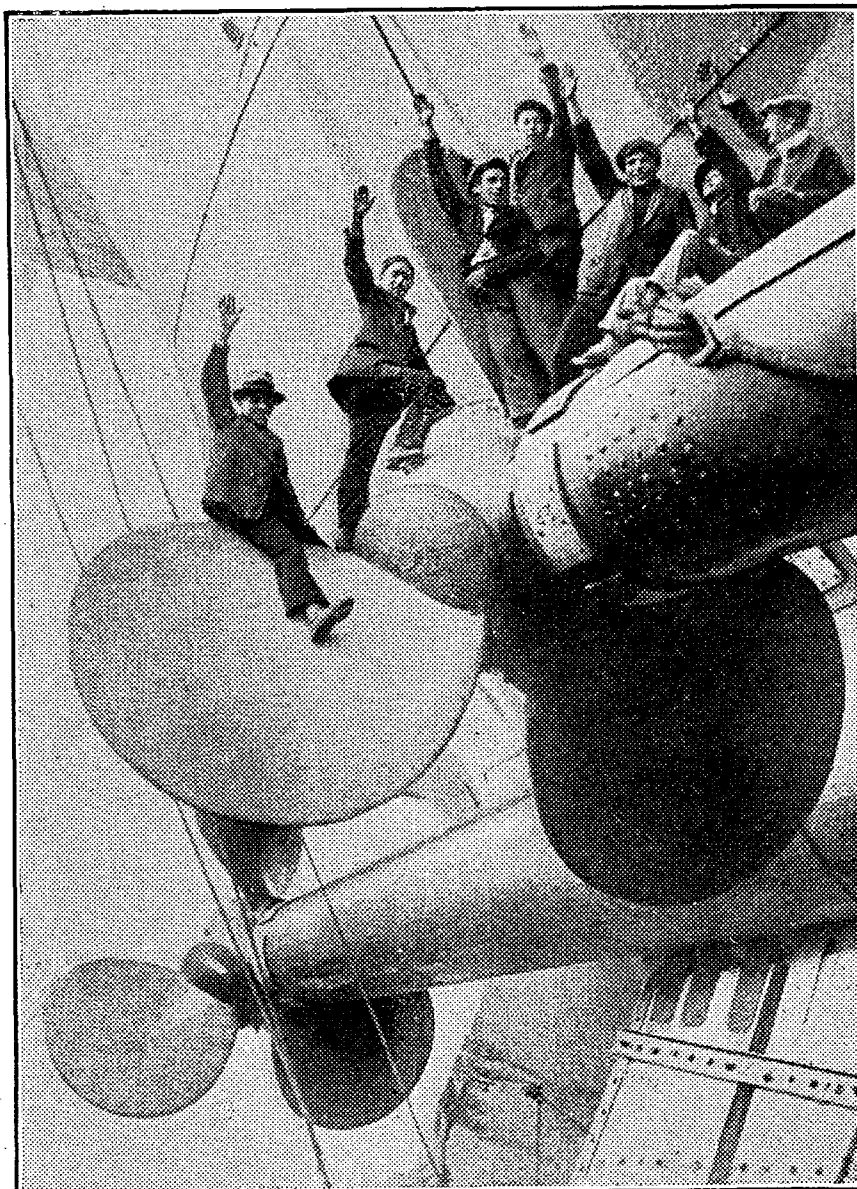
Once a director of the company had what we should call a bright idea. He was travelling on a line belonging to the old London and South-Western Railway and happened to witness a difficulty in stopping a train. This director thought it would be a splendid thing if all the railwaymen wore enormous red ties, and then, at a second's notice, they could switch them off their necks and wave them as flags.

The idea was adopted, and magnificent ties, which were really neckerchiefs a yard square, were issued to the men with the rest of their uniform. What the men thought about it we do not know, but we know what their wives thought about it. They thought that piece of good red stuff was just the thing for Tommy's trousers.

Presently some of the men found their big neckerchiefs were missing, and nice little red knitted ties were laid ready for them to put on. They did not mind. They knew they would never want to stop a train with a necktie, and Tommy looked sweet in the red trousers.

And now the red ties have gone, and blue ties, which have no romantic history, are to be worn in their place.

SITTING ON THE PROPELLER



The biggest motor-driven ship in the world has recently been launched by an Italian company near Genoa. It was named Augustus by Mussolini's daughter, who is a schoolgirl in Florence. This picture of workmen on one of the propellers gives us some idea of the great size of the ship.

GOING UP EVEREST

This is what one of the climbers up Everest wore; he has been reminding us of it again.

I wore a thick woollen vest and drawers, a thick flannel shirt and two sweaters, under a lightish knickerbocker suit of windproof gaberdine, the knickers of which were lined with light flannel, a pair of soft, elastic Kashmir puttees, and a pair of boots of felt, bound and soled with leather and lightly nailed with the usual Alpine nails. Over all I wore a very light pyjama suit of Burberry's Shackleton windproof gaberdine. On my head I wore a furlined leather motor-cycling helmet, and my eyes and nose were protected by a pair of goggles of Crookes glass, which were sewn into a leather mask.

BRITISH MUSEUM'S POSTBAG

An appalling amount of rubbish reaches the British Museum authorities every day in the postman's lucky bag, and prizes are few and far between. Still, the prizes do come.

Not long ago a woman walked in with a pencil-case full of coins she had bought at a church bazaar for half-a-crown, and among them was found a most precious gold coin of Greek origin, only one other specimen of which is known.

Within a few days the postman delivered a box of insects from Arabia, a beetle from Tanganyika, a butterfly found on a church door, and an insect an official of a rural district council had found working havoc in the fields.

AMERICA AND EUROPE'S DEBTS NOBLE APPEAL TO THE REPUBLIC

The Spirit of Locarno Begins
to Work in U.S.A.

ARE THE DYING HATREDS OF EUROPE TO BE REKINDLED?

A noble appeal to the American people has been issued by 42 professors of America's largest University, Columbia, calling for a fresh consideration of war debts.

It is because of the new spirit they see in Europe, shown by the Locarno agreements, that the professors make their appeal. They realise that a supreme effort has been made to get rid of the menace of future war, and declare that the first conditions of its success are mutual trust and understanding. But the war debts, they say, have produced distrust and misunderstanding, and they add:

"Our insistence on the debt payment will cause the hatreds which European countries are finding means to allay among themselves to be concentrated squarely against us."

Close Comrades

Dr. Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, says the American people do not realise the enormous advance made toward the establishment of international security and peace by M. Briand, Dr. Stresemann, and Sir Austen Chamberlain.

"These men (he says) have become close comrades, working with loyalty and devotion upon a common task. It is unthinkable that the people of the United States, with their traditions and their historic policies of international friendship and cooperation, will withhold any possible measure of support from this epoch-making movement."

When ancient political quarrels are yielding to common sense, the professors say, a new question of money should not be allowed to threaten "the greatest gain in international relations since the European nations began."

Money and Lives

They point out that the money was spent in fighting America's war as well as that of the Allies at a time when money was America's only contribution. Without it the war would have been lost not only to the Allies but to America as well. That was why the money was voted, though the fact has been forgotten. There is no way, the professors say, to compare the value of supplies with that of lives sacrificed in war.

Because it has proved impossible to recover the whole of the debts they have had to be cut down to the debtor's capacity to pay, a phrase, the professors say, which rings hard and heartless, and makes the debtor feel that he is to be taxed on every possible saving for generations to come. And how is it possible to assess a nation's capacity to pay a generation hence?

Europe's Burden

Taxation, in proportion to income and population, is between two and three times heavier in England, France, and Italy than in the United States. Payments that could at best mean a paltry gain for most American taxpayers mean to the overtaxed debtors a crushing load. A paltry gain, truly, for the manifesto declares that for an income-tax payer with an income of a thousand pounds the relief given is only eight shillings a year! The annual payments arranged in the settlements will never amount to more than a two-hundredth of America's national income. It is less than the year-to-year variations in the nation's imports or exports.

The manifesto does not suggest that the debts should be completely cancelled, but that they should be reconsidered at an international conference.

A CUP FROM THE FIRST CENTURY LIKE THE CUPS OF THE LAST SUPPER?

Discovery of a Very Precious Relic of the Ages

THE WORKMAN AND THE FRAGMENTS

A glass chalice of the first century which in the view of Dr. Rendel Harris, the famous scholar, is probably similar to that from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper has caused a great stir in the world of scholarship.

The cup, which Dr. Harris exhibited to a deeply-interested audience at the John Rylands Library in Manchester, is of dull, lemon-coloured glass, and was made in a clay mould probably in the glass factories of Sidon, which turned out these "poor men's cups" on a large scale in the first and second centuries.

The little bowl-shaped Cup of Blessing, as it is usually called, stands about four inches high and holds nearly half a pint. It would just fit into the top of an ordinary large tumbler, and when the lovely little thing was lit up by an electric bulb placed inside it looked like the fairy lamps used for street decoration!

A Cup of Kindness

Around the rim it bears an inscription in Greek, in raised letters, which evidently formed part of the mould. The interpretation of this reads: "What are you here for? Be merry!" This was an ancient Greek legend which would have almost an exact parallel in our saying "We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet."

Dr. Harris says that a comparison with similar legends on ancient cups suggests that the complete sentence was: "Comrade, what are you here for? Be merry!" But, so far, the complete inscription has not been found on a cup like this, which may be too small in circumference to contain the extra word.

The Broken Glass

There are several of these glass cups in existence. The Wiegand Cup, the one now the property of Dr. Harris, was discovered in the Crimea by a German archaeologist, Dr. Wiegand, a friend of Dr. Deissmann of Berlin University, through whom Dr. Harris purchased the cup. When it arrived in England it was a mass of fragments, and was made whole again by a clever mender of glass in London.

"Can it be mended?" asked Dr. Harris.

"I don't know," said the man.

"Would it take long?"

"I don't know. Call next Tuesday!"

And when Dr. Harris went back the little Cup of Blessing was handed to him in perfect shape!

From the Jerusalem Bazaars

Two other similar cups are in the Berlin Museum; and one each in the British Museum, in the Leyden Museum, and at Toledo, Ohio. Dr. Harris feels certain that all these cups came out of the same factory and would be sold in the Jerusalem bazaars of the first century. There was an export trade in them as far as the Crimea and other Greek settlements on the Black Sea. They were not luxury cups, although they are genuine works of art.

Dr. Deissmann made the discovery a few years ago that the Greek legend on these cups was actually in the text of the Gospel of Matthew, where it formed a part of the conversation between Jesus and Judas, the sentence being shorn of the words "be merry." The Authorised Version translates it correctly as: "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

It was as if Jesus had said: "Is this your cup of kindness, Judas?"

Dr. Harris agrees with Deissmann's discovery, and argues that the disciples drank out of similar cups at the Last

THE RAILWAYS WIN 13s. 2d

A Very Important Case

Last summer a railway company charged a well-known firm an extra 13s. 2d. for carrying sugar from their works at Silvertown to Leicester. The sugar people went to law about it, but first Mr. Justice Astbury, then the Court of Appeal, and finally the House of Lords decided that the railway company was in the right.

It seems a lot of fuss about 13s. 2d., but many a mickle makes a muckle, and the change in the charge for that truck of sugar represented a change in railway rates, actual or in prospect, amounting to a total of 25 million pounds! So it seemed worth fighting about, though the battle has cost a lot of money and has been lost in the end by those who started it.

The quarrel was explained in the C.N. when Mr. Justice Astbury gave his decision. There was a law that the companies might not raise their charges during a certain period. Within that period the companies lowered their charges and then raised them again, but not as much as they had lowered them. Was that raising the charges within the meaning of the Act? The House of Lords has decided that it was not.

THOMAS JACKSON WAVES HIS HAT Hero of 100 Lives

A life of courage in saving people from drowning has made Thomas Jackson unable to earn his living any longer.

Jackson, who is 63 and lives at Hackney, has saved over a hundred people, mostly in the Regent Canal and other London waterways, and his grateful neighbours have subscribed over £250 to help him. He had to attend a meeting of the Hackney Borough Council for the presentation of the cheque, and the brave man was very shy.

He told the mayor that he could not make a speech, but he waved his hat in acknowledgment of the kindness of his fellow-townsmen!

THE ARCHBISHOP WILL NOT GROW UP

The Boy Who Laughs Within

Last week it was Sir Oliver Lodge who refused to grow up. Now it is the Archbishop of York.

Speaking at Leeds Grammar School the other week the Archbishop declared that it had been said that no one who had not a boy of his own was qualified to give advice about the education of boys, but he had a boy of his own—a boy who lived within him and refused to grow up, an incorrigible boy, who regarded his senior self with the utmost detachment, and did not fail to laugh heartily at him in the most serious moments of his life.

Continued from the previous column

Supper. He thinks that in the upper room at Jerusalem where the Last Supper was held each of the company had before him a little cup like this glass chalice; but there must have been a larger cup, out of which the lesser cups were filled, and this would naturally have a longer legend, which Dr. Harris suggests began with the word Comrade.

Dr. Guppy, the Librarian of the John Rylands Library, points out that there are reproductions of paintings in the Roman Catacombs, said to belong to the first part of the second century, in which a number of persons at a table have cups similar to the Wiegand Cup.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Three million men will have to pay the new bachelor tax in Italy.

The Jewish population of the world is now estimated at slightly over 18 millions.

After declining steadily for many years the Red Indian population of the United States is at last on the increase.

A stained-glass window in memory of Lewis Carroll is to be placed in Croft Church, Darlington.

White Walking-Sticks for the Blind

It has been suggested that blind men needing help across busy street crossings should carry white walking-sticks.

A Promising Investment

Since the war British people have invested more than £20,000,000 in Canadian industries.

The Taxi Roof

New York taxi-cabs are now being made with glass roofs, so that people can see the lofty skyscrapers without having to lean out of the windows.

IT IS WORTH £100 And Costs £7

The publishers of the Children's Encyclopedia, having delivered the ten volumes to a rectory in North Devon, received a brief acknowledgment saying "it is nothing short of marvellous."

Six weeks later the Editor received the following appreciation of the C.E.

I really must tell you how splendid the Children's Encyclopedia is. I had no idea that it would be so absolutely first-rate.

The writing is extremely good. I myself have started reading the first volume, and the amount I am learning is tremendous. The articles are so fascinating that I shut off the wireless to bury myself in them. I consider the whole book alive with sheer genius, and feel it ungrateful not to write and say what I think. It is more worth £100 than £7.

A free booklet about the C.E. will be sent to any C.N. reader who sends a post-card to the Educational Book Company, 17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4.

A Kindly Action

A Doncaster colliery company allowed miners to take 5000 tons of good coal from its spoil heaps during the coal stoppage.

£350 a Square Yard

£350 a square yard is to be paid by Liverpool Corporation for land for street widening, perhaps the highest price ever paid outside London.

Napoleon's Desk as Switchboard

It was discovered not long ago that Napoleon's mahogany desk was in use as a telephone switchboard in the French Ministry of War.

Vesuvius Busy

The activities of Vesuvius are building up the new cone within the old crater so fast that it is thought its summit will be visible from Naples within a year.

The Starling of Nuneaton

A starling plunged Nuneaton into darkness in perching on an overhead electric cable, probably by fluttering its wings and touching one of the arms of the insulator.

The Engine-Driver's Dangers

An engine-driver's dangers come not only from the rails but from the air. One was blinded in one eye by a sparrow and another by a May beetle as they flew by.

Transparent Steel

Transparent sheet steel is the latest triumph of the industrial chemists. It is as clear as glass and is made by depositing a fine film of the metal on a smooth surface by an electric current.

THE ANGEL IN UNIFORM

Good News for Nurses

A HOSPITAL DOCTOR WHO WILL BE REMEMBERED

We have all, at one time or another, been grateful to some angel wearing a nurse's uniform.

Most of us have been saddened by the thought that these hard-working women do not earn enough to enable them to have a comfortable old age. Therefore everyone will rejoice to know of the good thing that Dr. W. Essex Wynter has done.

Dr. Wynter has been for many years senior physician of the Middlesex Hospital. Since his retirement he has been devoting much time and money to the restoration of a lovely old house known as Bartholomew Manor and two groups of sixteenth-century cottages. The manor house dates from 1391, and its gardens are very charming. Dr. Wynter has also bought the surrounding land, so that the beautiful old windows shall not look out on ugly bungalows or advertisement hoardings.

Mercy Twice Blessed

All this ancient estate has been endowed by Dr. Wynter, so that it will never be in danger of being sold or of falling to pieces, and it has been further endowed so that several people may be able to live there in comfort and dignity. To crown all, Dr. Wynter has asked the Middlesex Hospital to accept it after his death as a home for retired members of the nursing-staff.

Already two of the cottages are occupied by two former nurses, and the antique walls contain as many modern conveniences as a brand new flat.

It is very pleasant to think that women who have given all their lives to serve the sick poor of London may end their days, not merely without financial worries, but surrounded by the loveliness of an old English manor house.

Dr. Wynter's scheme is one of the most picturesque things of the year that has gone. Architects will bless him for saving these noble old buildings, and nurses will bless him for taking away their fear of the future. His mercy, as Shakespeare said, is twice blessed.

HOW MANY TASTES HAVE YOU?

A New Idea

It has been generally thought that man has five different tastes, but Dr. Allen and Dr. Molly Weinberg now claim to have discovered that there are only four: sweet, sour, salt, and bitter.

Many things taste all four at once, but one taste predominates. Vinegar is quoted as tasting sweet, salt, and bitter, but especially sour; so that we merely think of it as sour. Another result of these experiments is, the doctors say, to prove that anticipation actually increases the taste. If we look forward to a thing the intensity of the taste will be greater. This is an idea which till now has been denied by the scientist.

THE DEEPEST OIL WELL AND THE DEEPEST SEA

The Japanese survey ship Manshu Maru has discovered the deepest part of the Pacific Ocean, a spot between the Bonin Islands where the sea is 31,000 feet deep, or deeper than the height of the world's highest mountain, Mount Everest in the Himalayas.

At the same time we read of the deepest oil well that has ever been reached, in Orange County, California, where electric drills bored through the earth to a depth of 8000 feet before oil was struck.

DROP IT IN THE BUS

How Some Towns Keep Tidy

WHEN WILL LONDON FOLLOW?

When you go by bus do not throw your ticket into the street; drop it in the bus.

A Birmingham correspondent, commending the C.N. campaign against bus-ticket litter, tells us that on every Corporation bus and tram in Birmingham a box is provided for used tickets. Such boxes were provided in Manchester long ago, and Nottingham and many other towns have made the same admirable arrangement.

Some day London will follow suit, but why not tomorrow? It seems a very great pity that our excellent London General Buses should spoil their fine name by littering our streets with millions of scraps of paper.

Wonderful Birmingham

Our correspondent says that in Birmingham and its suburbs every other lamp-post has a wire basket to put rubbish in, and, more wonderful still, the people use the baskets!

By way of contrast comes a letter from another correspondent of the amazing litter allowed by the authorities in some northern towns. West Hartlepool shopkeepers, we are told, are permitted to sweep sawdust, straw, shavings, and paper into the street for highly-paid scavengers to clear up at the cost of the ratepayers. Our correspondent has seen the same kind of thing in Middlesbrough.

We hope he will never see it again; but we have seen a similar thing in Oxford Street, where a shopkeeper threw a piece of paper from his shop on to the pavement. What happened was interesting. A passer-by picked up the paper and threw it back into the shop.

HOMES THE BOLSHEVISTS HAVE DESTROYED

Poor Little Waifs of Moscow

Prosperity is gradually returning to Moscow. An American who has been on relief work there describes it as a hustling, busy place.

But a terrible problem still awaits solution there. More than two hundred thousand boys are said to be living like scavenger dogs in the streets, feeding from garbage cans and sleeping as best they can under wagons.

They are the children whom nobody owns. The parents of many of them died in the famine; many more have been deserted. They are the product of the destruction of family life which Bolshevism has brought, and so far Bolshevism has been unable to find a cure for the disease it has created.

AN UMBRELLA GOES TO A MUSEUM

The umbrella is surely on its way to the museum, and one at least has arrived. Leeds Art Gallery has just accepted one with great gratitude.

It is of grape-black satin and is embroidered with dragons, suns, clouds, and bats. It is thirteen feet in circumference and is probably about 150 years old. Once it was carried by a servant to shade the Emperor of China.

Such a gorgeous umbrella would hardly be allowed out in the rain, but it would have one great advantage, one could not forget it. However, some people do forget things which seem unforgettable to the rest of us. For instance, among the things which were sold the other day because they had been lying so long unclaimed at the Port of London were a stuffed crocodile and a bag of whale fins.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

The Shepherd Boy of Italy

On January 8, 1337, died Giotto.

Giotto kept his father's sheep in the Apennine Mountains.

Running barefoot in the mountains, sitting dreaming in the quiet hours, he found himself watching the shapes of things against the sky, the pattern of the sheep on the grassy slope. Presently there was nothing for him but colours and contours. He took a piece of sharp flint and started drawing a sheep on a rock.

One day a stranger came along the hilly slope and stopped to look at the drawing and at Giotto with the flint in his hand. The man was Cimabue, one of the earliest painters of the Italian Renaissance, so early as to be almost legendary. He was destined to transmit the divine spark to the shepherd boy, and Giotto lighted the torch which set all Italy aflame with love of beautiful things.

Father of Italian Painting

Cimabue saw Giotto's father and talked to him about his boy. The result was that Giotto, aged ten, was taken to Florence and apprenticed to Cimabue. Almost before he had grown to manhood he became the father of painting in Italy. He found such painting as existed very stiff and formal, a remnant of the Byzantine tradition. Giotto, eye-trained in the school of Nature before he became hand-trained in Cimabue's workshop, painted more vigorously, and infused life into the dry bones of religious art.

Giotto's first work was done in Florence, some little panels dealing with religious incidents and the life of St. Francis. One of these can be seen in the Academy of Florence. Then, one morning, Cimabue and his assistant went to Assisi to work on the church which had been raised by the lovers of St. Francis very soon after his death.

Memories of St. Francis

A greater day than this never dawned for Italy. Here the traditions of St. Francis, the memory of his beautiful life still lingered, warm and fragrant; and this spiritual force, which was the real beginning of the Renaissance, combining with the art of Giotto produced something that became an inspiration to generations of painters.

When Giotto was twenty-two he was summoned to Rome for various works—among them an altar-piece in tempera which is still preserved. A great deal of his labour went in adorning the old basilica of St. Peter's, which gave place to the present cathedral.

Presently Giotto was back in Assisi painting frescoes in the Lower Church on the vaulted roof above the high altar. These pictures, which give us some idea of the painter's merit, have survived the ruin of centuries and never been repainted.

From Assisi Giotto went on to Padua and Verona, and worked there some time. Then he was back in Florence again, working on some frescoes, which by a miracle have been spared. These are the paintings in the Bardi and Peruzzi chapels, said to be Giotto's finest work.

Astonishing the World

He was now the most famous painter in Italy. In 1330 King Robert of Naples invited him to his Court, where he did some work, since, alas! destroyed, and was crowded with honours. Soon the Florentines were jealous of his absence, and called Giotto back. They wanted not frescoes this time, but a bell tower for the cathedral which should astonish the world by its beauty. Giotto became master of the cathedral works, and presently from his plans the Campanile, so dear to lovers of Italy, arose by the cathedral walls.

This was the great artist's last work. While dukes and princes were competing for the privilege of entertaining him Death claimed Giotto for a guest.

THE LITTLE BLACK PONY IN PARK LANE

Waiting for His Apple

A little black pony harnessed to a milkman's cart was standing in Park Lane. There are always plenty of milk ponies to be seen, but this one was of that small, delightful type which makes animal-lovers want to stop and talk.

Buses went up and down the Lane, making the black pony look more small and homelike than ever. A friend of the C.N. happened to be in a car close by, and she was watching him. The milkman had gone off with a huge can, but the pony did not seem to be thinking of his master, or of going to sleep, or of his stable, or of any of the things that milkmen's ponies generally think of. He was very much interested in a certain door-close by.

Patience Rewarded

With his head slightly turned he stood watching and listening intently. His ears pricked to a point, and all the alertness of the wild seemed to be in that anxious little face. Presently he set one tiny hoof on the pavement and then another. He got as far as he could without upsetting the milkcart. The lady in the car, watching, thought he was restive, and watched more closely than before.

Then there came a sound behind the closed door, and the little black head shot out still farther. Suddenly the door opened, and a lady came out with an apple in her hand. The pony's eyes gleamed and rolled. He had been thinking of that apple ever since he turned into Park Lane.

The lady gave it to him with a few soft, low words which the watcher in the car could not hear, but she was still watching, and she will not forget the picture of the little pony waiting and listening at the door, knowing that his apple was coming.

JUDGE LYNCH

Mob Law in the Great Republic

Two or three years ago the C.N. was able to record with keen satisfaction that lynch law was losing ground in America. Now it is once more increasing.

The twin evils of lawlessness and intolerance are among the gravest of American problems, and the lynchings are merely the most spectacular evidences of them. In 1925 there were 18 lynchings throughout the South, but in the first 10 months of last year there were 24.

It is not always a case of the mob overcoming or eluding the forces of the law. In South Carolina three Negroes appealed against a conviction for murder, and a new trial was ordered. The judge at the new trial ordered the acquittal of one of the prisoners on the ground of insufficient evidence, and immediately officials and spectators left the court. Everybody knew what would happen. The prison officials handed all three prisoners over to the mob, who shot them dead in a wood.

170 FALSE MAHOGANYS

Taking a Tree's "Finger Print"

A tiny slice of a tree a two-thousandth of an inch in thickness can now be photographed with the microscope in such a way as to give an exact pattern of the grain.

These wonderful pattern photographs show that no two trees are exactly alike, although two trees of the same family are so similar as to be easily recognised. Over 2000 different trees grown in the Empire have been classified by the Imperial Forestry Institute of Oxford University in this way. Photography has provided a way of showing that some so-called mahogany is an inferior wood and not mahogany at all; out of 170 woods which were all supposed to be real mahogany the Forestry Institute recently showed that not a single one was genuine.

THE NEAREST STAR

50 MILLION MILLION MILES AWAY

The Grain of Sand in London and the Little Ball in Rome

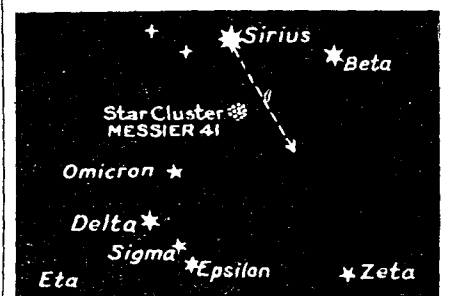
SIRIUS, THE DOG STAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Canis Major, or the Greater Dog, composed of that splendid group of bright stars to the south-east of Orion, contains the magnificent Sirius, which is popularly known as the Dog Star.

This far outshines all other stars in the heavens, and will be readily identified. Its great brilliance is, however, not due to its being really brighter or greater than the others, but to the fact that it is one of the nearest stars; indeed, from our northern latitudes, Sirius is actually the nearest of all the stellar host visible to the naked eye.

But, though it is the nearest, how very far it is—533,400 times as far as the Sun, or fifty million million miles! Let us visualise this. Place a grain of sand as large as a full stop on something where it can be seen; then, nine feet away, place a small ball an inch in



Chief stars of Canis Major, looking south; showing how far Sirius will travel in 25,000 years

diameter, and we thus have respectively the Earth and the Sun shown in their relative sizes and distances.

Now, if we get a ball about two inches in diameter this will represent Sirius on the same scale. But to place it at its proportionate distance a journey of some 900 miles must be taken—let us say from London to Rome. Then, if we deposit our two-inch ball there, with the one-inch one in London for the Sun, and, nine feet away from it, a grain of sand, we shall have our immense model to scale of our world, the Sun, and Sirius.

Sirius has a wonderful companion world which revolves round him once in 50 years. Sirius is 10,000 times brighter than its companion, but has only about twice as much material, or massiveness. This amazing circumstance has only recently been explained, and is due to the fact that the matter composing the smaller world is extraordinarily dense and heavy.

Speeding Toward the Earth

This causes it to possess the gravitational force which pulls Sirius round in a smaller orbit than its own. Both these bodies are travelling through space in the direction shown by the arrow in the star-map, which indicates how far Sirius will travel in the next 25,000 years. Sirius will also become brighter, as every day it gets 84,000 miles nearer.

Beta in Canis Major, the bright second-magnitude star to the right of Sirius, is 14 million times as far away as our Sun, its light taking nearly 250 years to reach us, compared with but 8 years and 5 months from Sirius, so it is about 27 times as far as Sirius.

To shine as brightly as it appears to Beta must be a colossal sun, radiating at least 750 times the light of our Sun. It is similar in type to the Orion suns, and is enveloped in incandescent helium at a surface temperature of 19,000 degrees Centigrade, thus far exceeding the 11,000 degrees of Sirius, which is enveloped chiefly in whirling hydrogen at a white heat.

Other Worlds. In the morning Saturn south-east. In the evening Venus and Jupiter south-west, Mars south.

S.O.S.

CHAPTER 41

Facing Trouble

It was the Professor who said that the best thing to do was to have breakfast, and it was Zambo who cooked it. Greg and Jim vowed they could not eat, but Sam bluntly told them not to be silly.

"Whatever happens, we've got a hard day before us," he said, "and you can't work without eating."

He was quite right, and, though the meal was a very quiet and rather dismal one, they did feel better after it.

The Professor spoke. "It is quite evident that we cannot go on," he said. "I think our best plan will be to make our way back as quickly as possible to Señor Seca's, get our mules, and start again. We can leave our petrol and the heavier things hidden here in the wood, and march light."

Greg gave a sort of groan. "It'll take us at least a week to walk to Goyaz; then three days to ride back here. Gadsden will have got such a start that we can never hope to catch him."

"I quite see that, Greg," his father answered quietly, "but have you any other plan to suggest?"

Greg shook his head helplessly.

"No, Dad, I haven't," he answered.

"Has anyone any other plan?" asked the Professor, looking round.

Jim spoke up. "Yes, sir. I have my wireless set, as you know. Suppose I try to get Señor Valda, and ask him to wire to his cousin to have the mules met and brought straight back to us?"

"It is an excellent notion," said the Professor, "but wireless has its limits, and I very much doubt if the small set we have with us will reach Rio, even on a short wavelength. We might get Goyaz, but Seca has no installation."

"I am afraid you are right, sir," said Jim. "Still, it might be worth trying."

Sam, who had been listening in silence, put in a remark. "You'll have to wait till night before you can try it, won't you, Jim?"

"Yes, of course," agreed Jim.

"That means wasting a whole day doing nothing," said Sam. He turned to the Professor. "How far is it to this river, sir?"

"The Braco, you mean? I should say it is about one hundred and twenty miles."

Sam considered a little. "Six days' tramp. Let's go right ahead, sir. We can surely do twenty miles a day."

"Yes," said the Professor, "we could if we were marching light. But just look at what we have to carry!"

"I'd say leave everything except just enough grub for a week and the rifles, and get right along," Sam said firmly.

The Professor hesitated. "I do not like taking such chances. Still less do I like leaving behind the petrol which Alan is so keen about. Let us hear what Zambo has to say."

He turned to the guide and explained the various plans that had been put forward, and Zambo listened in his stolid way. When the Professor had finished Zambo began to talk. Then the Professor explained fully.

Zambo has another suggestion to make. He says that there is an old ranch in the next belt of wood, about six miles from here. He does not know much about it, but thinks it possible we might be able to buy horses or mules there."

"That's capital!" cried Greg. "Two or three of us had better go to this ranch at once, and Jim can stay here and fix up an aerial so as to try his wireless. Of course if we get the horses we needn't worry, but if we don't we can still try to call Valda."

"Yes, Greg," said the Professor. "And, as the animals may be troublesome, you and Sam had better both go with Zambo, and I will stay and help Jim."

Zambo's suggestion had cheered up Greg wonderfully, and he and

The Wireless Mystery
By T. C. Bridges

Sam went off with the guide in quite good spirits. It was still cool, and it was not more than an hour and a half before they came to the second belt of trees and sighted a roof among them.

"There's the house!" exclaimed Greg excitedly.

"There's no smoke," said Sam.

"Why should there be?" demanded Greg quite sharply.

"They've finished cooking their breakfast long ago."

Sam made no answer, and all three went on at a sharp pace. The house stood in a clearing among the trees, and there was a good-sized pool of water in front. But there was not a sign of life about the place, and Sam's spirits sank as he noticed that the old garden was all grown over with weeds. He glanced at Zambo, but the man's face showed no sign of what he was thinking.

"Here are wheel marks!" said Greg sharply.

"Car tyres—Gadsden's," replied Sam rather grimly. "Likely he was here last night, and came or sent back to round up our mules."

"Then there must be someone here," said Greg; but Sam knew that he was just trying to persuade himself that the place was not as deserted as it looked. When they reached the house it did not take long to make sure.

"No one here," pronounced Zambo.

"No one here for many Moons."

CHAPTER 42

Wind Power

Greg gave a sort of groan. "What shall we do, Sam?" he asked.

"Best make sure first."

Zambo shook his head solemnly.

"No horse here," he said. "Big-foot man, he make that sure."

"Of course Gadsden would. I hadn't thought of that," said Greg mournfully.

"Let's go back."

"Not till we've had a look round," said Sam.

The house was in a dreadful state. Part of the roof had fallen in. A house left to itself does not last long in a climate like Brazil has.

"I hope you're satisfied," said Greg to Sam.

"Not yet," replied Sam quietly.

"I'm going to have a squint at the outbuildings."

There was a big barn behind, and this was in better repair than the house. Inside were some broken tools, an old plough, and a spidery-looking four-wheeled vehicle, which seemed in pretty good repair. Sam looked at this. He looked so long that Greg became impatient.

"What's the use of it?" he asked sharply.

"It's quite good," replied Sam.

"With a little grease on the wheels it would go as well as ever. It's one of those Yankee things—buckboards I believe they call them."

"Perhaps you think of pulling it yourself," remarked Greg sarcastically.

Sam was still staring at the thing. "Three or four of us could pull it all right on level ground."

"You're crazy," growled Greg.

"Him no crazy," said Zambo.

"Two men pull him easy."

Greg whistled softly.

"You mean we could load our stuff on it and haul it to the river, Sam?"

"Something of the sort," replied Sam, "only I'm not sure we should have to haul it. I've a notion we might ride in it."

Greg shook his head. "I always thought you were the sensible one of the party, Sam. What's driven you loony?"

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt," retorted Sam. "I'm thinking."

"Trying to think yourself a horse," I suppose," said Greg.

Sam turned on him. "There are other ways of pulling a cart besides horses and mules," he said, so sharply that Greg stared.

"Were you thinking of a motor, Sam?" he asked.

"Something a bit simpler than that. I was thinking of the wind."

Greg's mouth opened, but he did not speak. This time he really did think that poor old Sam had taken leave of his senses.

"Oh, I'm not so crazy as you imagine," said Sam, guessing the other's thought. "Last year Jim showed me a picture in a paper of a land-boat which some chap sailed on a beach in the South of England. It had two wheels in front and one behind for steering, and one big sail. The paper said it went twenty miles an hour."

Greg fairly gasped. "You mean you could rig a sail to this buckboard?"

"Yes, if I could get stuff to make a sail."

Greg's eyes flashed. "Sam, you're a genius!" he exclaimed. "Let's do it."

"We'll try it," said Sam calmly. "It'll be easy enough to get a mast, and this old harness will cut up for rigging. The trouble is the sail. It'll have to be a big one."

"There'll be some stuff in the house," said Greg confidently.

"I'll go and see."

"You'd better put Zambo wise first," Sam told him.

Somehow Greg made Sam's idea clear to Zambo, and he was surprised to find that Zambo was not against it, but ready to help him to search the deserted house.

When they had left the barn Sam set to examining the buckboard, and was relieved to find it quite sound. He found some grease in an old barrel, got the wheels off, and greased the spindles, and had just put the wheels on again when Greg came rushing back.

"We've done the trick, Sam," he cried. "Look at this!" He flung down a great bundle of coarse canvas, which Sam at once proceeded to unroll and inspect.

"It was stretched as a partition between two rooms," Greg explained. "That's how it comes to be fairly sound. And see here! I've found a ball of cord and a couple of old knives and some brass wire."

"Good business!" said Sam.

"Let's set to work and see what we can do."

CHAPTER 43

Shots in the Shadows

It was simple for Jim to rig up his aerial and get his wireless in order. After that he and the Professor went out to try for game. About a mile from the camp they spotted a small herd of deer and set to stalking them. At last they got within range, and the Professor, taking careful aim, shot a buck.

It took them an hour to skin and quarter the creature and carry the meat back to camp. Then they grilled some steaks and made a good dinner.

By this time it was past two, and the Professor was getting a

little anxious. Jim suggested that they were probably having a bother with untrained ponies, and the Professor agreed that this was possible. But as the afternoon drew on he became really worried, and at last declared that he would go and see what had happened.

"I'll come too, sir," said Jim. "The stuff will be all right here. There's no one within miles."

The Professor shook his head decidedly. "No," he said. "The camp must be guarded. You stay, Jim, and get supper under way. The others will be hungry when they turn up."

Jim knew better than to protest against a direct order, and the Professor went off alone. Jim went with him to the edge of the wood, and watched him tramp away across the open. He could see the trees for which he was making, like a faint blue line on the horizon, and noticed that the wood seemed a good deal larger than the one in which they were camped. Then he went back and started cooking. The Sun dropped toward the high ground far to the West, the shadows lengthened, yet there was no sign of the rest of the party. At last Jim left his fire and walked again to the edge of the trees to see if they were within sight.

The sunlight slanted golden across the vast stretches of the level plain and the strong evening breeze flattened the withered grass. Jim became suddenly aware of a tall yellowish patch which was moving across the prairie at a rapid rate. He stared and stared; then rubbed his eyes.

"I'm dotty," he said at last. "I must be, or I couldn't be seeing a boat." Then another idea occurred to him. "It's a mirage, of course. It'll vanish in a minute."

Instead of vanishing it came on at great speed, and as it came nearer Jim plainly saw the shape of the big sail, then made out the wheels spinning rapidly below. Nearer still, and he saw three figures clinging to the body, while the whole thing swayed and lurched under the push of the strong breeze. Next moment it tacked round and came tearing straight toward him. As it approached the edge of the trees the sail dropped like magic and the strange vehicle came to a standstill.

There was a grin on Sam's freckled face as he went up to Jim. "What d'ye think of it, Jim?" he asked.

Jim drew a long breath. "Sam, you're a bit of a miracle," he said. "I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw the thing coming. How did you do it?"

Sam told him briefly of finding the old buckboard and rigging her. "But where's the Professor?" he asked. "I wanted him to see her under way."

Jim started. "Didn't you see him? He went to look for you more than two hours ago."

It was Sam's turn to look startled.

"We never saw him," he said sharply.

"He must have reached the wood just as we left," put in Greg.

"We'll go and pick him up."

"I'll go with Sam," said Jim. "You people had better get some supper."

"Right," said Sam. "Luckily the wind is still strong. Come on!"

He began to haul up the sail, and in another minute he and Jim were racing away across the prairie. The pace amazed Jim. It averaged nearly twenty miles an hour. He was amazed, too, at the way in which Sam handled this queer craft, for without his skilled hand it would have capsized at every hundred yards.

In a wonderfully short time they were nearing the wood where lay the deserted ranch, and as they came up behind it the trees caught the wind and the pace slackened. Suddenly a sharp crack came echoing out from the dark trees.

"That's the Professor's rifle," said Jim sharply.

"But what's he shooting at?" demanded Sam.

As if in answer to his words two more reports whipped out from the dark shadow of the trees.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Lost Coin

PETER had gone to spend the morning in his grandfather's office.

"Long years ago," said Grandfather, "I lost a golden guinea in this office. It was a very valuable guinea, for it had a diamond in it, but, more than anything else, it was given me by my grandmother, and I did not want it lost."

"Did you ever find it?" asked Peter, as he stared round the old-fashioned office, with its deed-boxes piled high up against the wall, its big desk and big armchairs, and the machine through which the news came. Tick, tick, went the machine all day long. Peter wondered if it went like that all night.

"No," said Grandfather. "We hunted and we hunted. We turned out the whole place, but the guinea was never found."

Just then a clerk came in and said that Grandfather was wanted in another room. He left Peter alone, but he gave him strict instructions not to touch the papers on his desk.

It was the first time that Peter had been alone in Grandfather's office, and the first thing he did was to go over to the tape machine and watch the news coming through.

Peter could read many of the words, though their meaning did not interest him. He was much more interested in the deep window-seats, where he had been told Grandfather's grandfather had sat and watched the people passing when he was a little lad. Then it had all been fields; now it was a square full of motors, but the green trees were still there.

Peter climbed up on the deep window-seat and examined the shutters. They fitted into a deep niche, and when they were closed looked just like a part of the panelled wall.

Peter touched one, and it rattled and opened itself just a little. Peter touched it again.

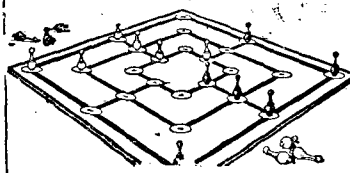
He wondered if there would be room enough for him to get behind it, and he made up his mind to find out. So he pulled away the shutters to their full extent and saw there was a good-sized niche behind them. He wondered if he would be able to stand in it when the shutter was open.

Peter climbed up, and as he did so his foot touched a coin. It went rolling down to the floor and stopped against the news machine. Down went Peter after it. The coin had finished rolling, and the little boy picked it up.

It was a golden guinea with a diamond in it!

"Grandfather, look!" cried Peter, as the old gentleman entered the room. "I have found your guinea!"

There is no need to say how pleased Grandfather was, and how he and Peter tried over and over again to think how the coin came to be hidden there. But that they never found out.

The Famous
Game of
Shakespeare's
Day

NINE MEN'S MORRIS

This delightfully fascinating game is ideal for the long winter evenings. It is neatly boxed with two sets of coloured wooden men and with a strong board in two colours. It is on sale at all Newsagents, Book-sellers, Bookstalls, Toy Dealers, and Stores. Ask for—Answers Great Game "Nine Men's Morris."

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1/6



The Prayers of the Sorrowing Are Heard in Heaven



THE BRAN TUB

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words, which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. An enclosure. Part of a basement house. Ease. A tree. Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery

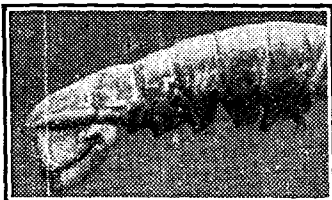


The Spiny Mouse

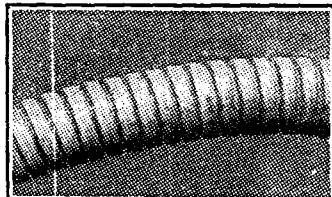
The Spiny Mouse is a little desert-loving creature found in Syria and Eastern Africa as far south as Mozambique. Its peculiar feature is the thick, grooved spines on its back in place of hair.

Nature's Flexible Armour

MAN has so often copied Nature unconsciously in his mechanical contriving that it is interesting to know of cases in which the copying was deliberate.



When a certain engineer was required to lay a drainpipe across a swiftly-flowing river he decided it must follow the contour of the river bed, and must therefore be flexible though



strong and hard. So he took the jointed armour of the very flexible lobster as his model. And that is the way flexible piping has been made ever since.

Ici On Parle Français



La racine Le page Le divan
L'arbre se nourrit par ses racines
Le page marche derrière la reine
Reposons-nous un peu sur le divan

What Cathedrals Are These?

WHEN the letters in the following jumbled words are arranged in their proper order they will spell the names of eight cathedrals.

GRETHOUBER WROSKHAUT
GRABON BRATYCURNE
SLIRLACE LAYBUSSIR
CROSSTEER STEELCROUG

Our Portrait Gallery



William Cowper

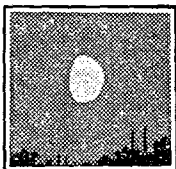


Joseph Addison

Next Week's Nature Calendar

AMONG the birds whose songs are now heard once again are the missel thrush and the hedge-sparrow.

A number of plants are found flowering in sheltered places, among them being the bear's-foot, polyanthus, mezeorion, pansy, red dead nettle, hepatica, and groundsel. The catkins of the hazel are opening.



Looking South 8 p.m. Jan. 12

In Cold Weather

WHEN doing outdoor work in winter with nails and tools with metal handles the fingers soon become numbed with cold. It is a very good plan to put the nails in a canister and leave this in a warm oven for a while. The same thing may be done in frosty weather with tools that have metal handles.

It is astonishing how much more comfortable it is to work in cold weather with the warmed tools.

Shadow Pictures on the Wall



Here we see how to make a shadow-picture of a dog on the wall.

Is Your Name Kemp?

THE Kemps are of good Anglo-Saxon stock. Their name comes from the Anglo-Saxon word cempa, which means a warrior. Doubtless each original Kemp was a doughty leader in the constant feuds of the days in which his family was founded.

Everything

THE maxims of the Ministers of France used always to vary according to the genius of individuals. Richelieu's maxim was to strike down everything; Mazarin's to corrupt everything; Napoleon's to invade everything; Fleury's to await everything; Choiseul's to precipitate everything; Calonne's to risk everything; Necker's to conciliate everything—and he came very near to success in everything!

Changeling

Change the word Show into Look with only four intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common

S	H	O	W
L	O	O	K



word with each change. The pictures will help you. Answer next week

What Am I?

I AM a curious little thing, With neither feather, fin, nor wing; Tis doubtful if I ever think, But possibly I sometimes drink. I live alone; my house is small, With neither window, door, nor hall. The walls are delicately white, Like Orient pearl, and smooth and bright. Poets my praise have sometimes sung In English or in foreign tongue; Yet man, the lord of all creation, Commits on me sad depredation. So now, good friend, my name declare, And of like cruel acts beware.

Jacko the Crossing Sweeper

JACKO was very fond of old Muggins the crossing-sweeper. He was always hanging round his pitch and asking him questions which the old man was never too busy to answer.

"Do I like my job?" he said one day. "Well, I'm not sure there aren't others I'd sooner have. I'm not as young as I was, and it's cold work out in the street with a bitter east wind blowing."

Jacko hadn't thought of that. He began to feel very sorry for Muggins, especially as just at that moment the poor old man had a fit of coughing.

"You ought to be indoors," said Jacko.

"That's all very well," gasped Muggins; "but if I go away what's to happen to my day's takings?"

"Just you leave it to me," said Jacko wisely. "I've an idea I should make a very good crossing-sweeper—and I shouldn't wonder if I don't come round to see you this evening with my pockets full of money!"

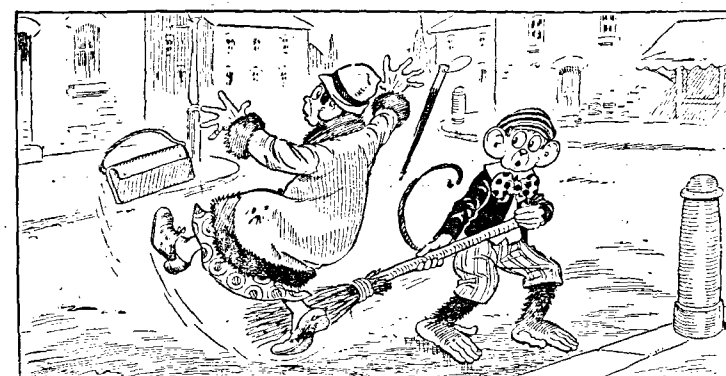
Old Muggins didn't much care for the idea at first, but it was a bitter day and he really had a very nasty cold, so in the end he gave Jacko his broom and hobbled away.

Jacko felt tremendously pleased with himself. No weather was too bad for him. He danced about in the road and swept with such a good will that he sent the mud flying about in all directions instead of piling it up in neat piles as old Muggins always did.

At last a smartly-dressed lady tapped Jacko on the shoulder.

"You've splashed my new coat," she said angrily. "I had meant to give you sixpence, but now I shan't give you a penny."

It was a bad beginning. And there was worse to come. The lady tripped over Jacko's brush as she stalked away and down she came with a crash!



The lady tripped over Jacko's brush

"That settles it!" she said firmly, her face as red as a turkey-cock's. "I shall fetch a policeman. My coat is ruined, and somebody's got to pay for it." And she hurried off down the street, leaving poor Jacko in a fearful state of mind.

But just at that moment he caught sight of something sparkling in the gutter just where the lady had fallen. His eyes grew rounder and rounder. It was a diamond brooch!

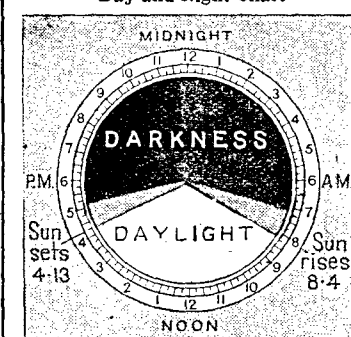
When the lady came back with the policeman Jacko had a broad smile on his face, which made the lady angrier than ever.

"This is the boy, constable," she began; and then she stopped, for Jacko had slipped the brooch into her hand.

The policeman had taken out his notebook; but when he saw Jacko give the lady her brooch he said: "Now then, Ma'am, I don't think we'll say any more about the coat. You ought to be very grateful to the boy for restoring your diamonds."

She was. She gave Jacko a ten-shilling note, she was so grateful. And so was old Muggins when Jacko ran round to see him with his pocket full of money.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

The Gown that Does Not Change

Fashion

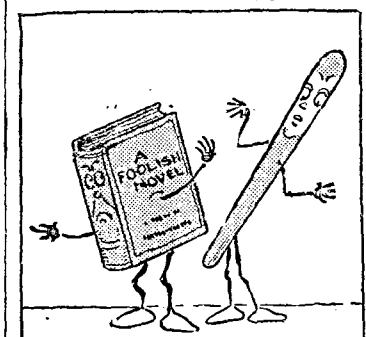
ALL the shop windows in town are full Of silk and cotton and gingham and wool, But none of them shows a gown so gay As the one Mrs. Humming Bird wears today. Tis the very same fashion her grandmother wore, And hasn't a seam or pucker or gore; The sun doesn't fade it, the rain doesn't spot, And it's just the thing whether chilly or hot. Tis a perfect fit and it won't wear out, But will last her as long as she lives, no doubt.

Anna M. Pratt

D! MERRYMAN

THE Hotel Clerk: Excuse me, sir, did you take a bath this morning?
The Guest: No; is there one missing?

Come-Alive Characters



A Waste of Labour

"THE wit and wisdom you contain Should echo down the ages, And so," the Paper-Knife explained, "I've come to cut your pages."
"Why trouble?" sighed the Silly Book.

"Most people who begin me Discover, ere they've turned a leaf, That there is nothing in me!"

WHAT should a man do who has split his sides with laughter? Run till he gets a stitch in them.

A Convincing Testimonial

A NATIVE cook, proudly presenting his testimonials in applying for a new situation, included the following in blissful unconsciousness of its unkind irony: "This man cooked for me for six months; it seemed six years. He left on account of illness—my illness." And the man wondered why he did not get the post.

A Berg Breaker

A BENIGN and considerate Whale Met an iceberg adrift in a gale. "Such a huge one," said he, "Is a danger at sea!" So he smashed it up small with his tail.

His Master

ONE of the friends of a great artist tried to persuade him not to touch up his works so much and to finish them more quickly.

"Do you not know," said the artist, "that I have a master who is very difficult to please?"

"And, who is that?"

"Myself."

The Pang of Parting

An American millionaire is said to be the saddest man on Earth.

THE poor millionaire is too rich to be gay, And gladly would make his life sunny, But, though willing to give all his sorrow away, He can't bear to part with his money!

WHY does a cook never make a square pudding? Because she wants it to go round.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

What Am I?

Fiddle.

A Picture Puzzle

The objects were tyre, well, ton, cone, kite, shilling, from which we make tennis, hockey, sailing, rowing.

Arithmetical Puzzle

The letters (or numerals) IV are half of FIVE, and if we take I away V (or 5) remains.

Who Was He?

The Great Mystery Poet was Homer.

PERFORMANCE
ACE VIE ARA
THERAPEUTIC
EIDER TRUTH
NI YES RI
RIFE M LACE
TYPE FULA
BE INCAS LT
ELACONITE O
SALAD TRAMP
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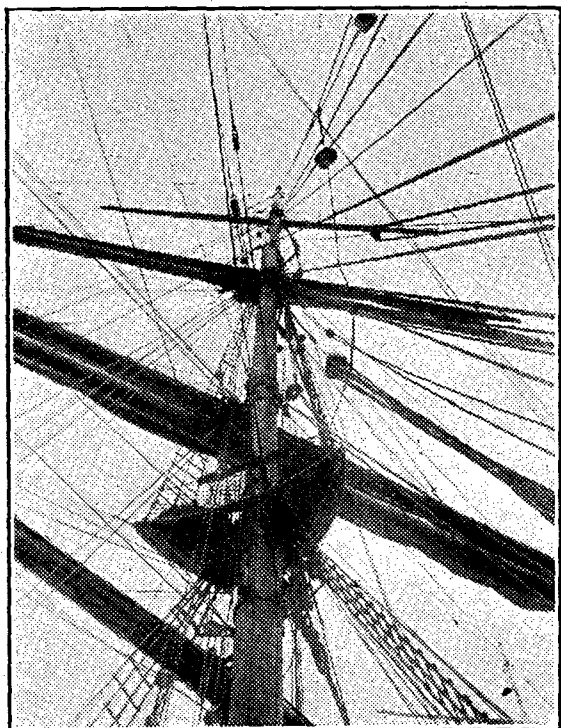
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 8, 1927

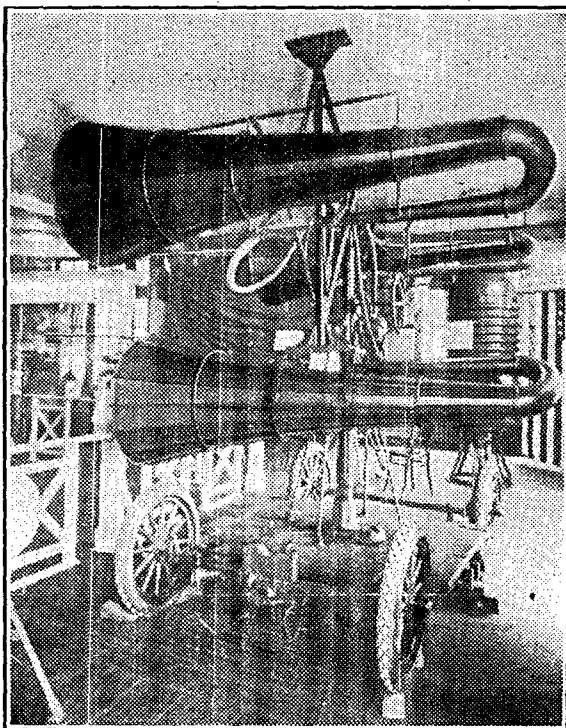
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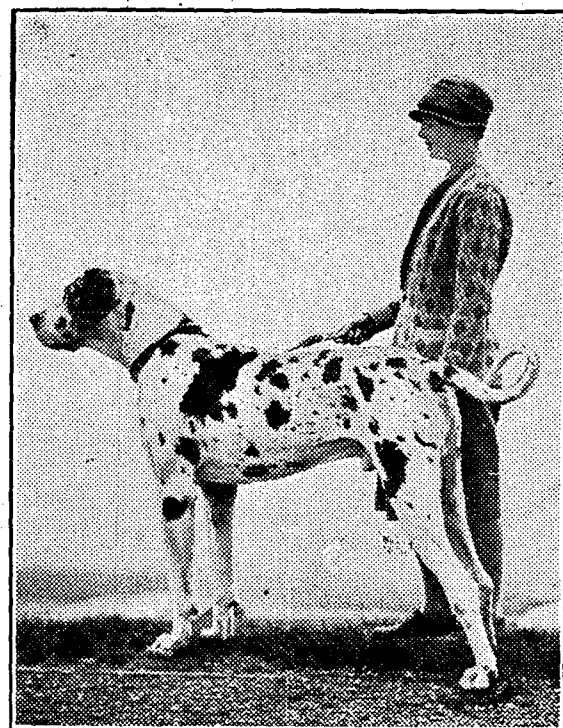
THE AIRCRAFT LISTENER · VESUVIUS WAKES UP · SYDNEY'S BIG BRIDGE



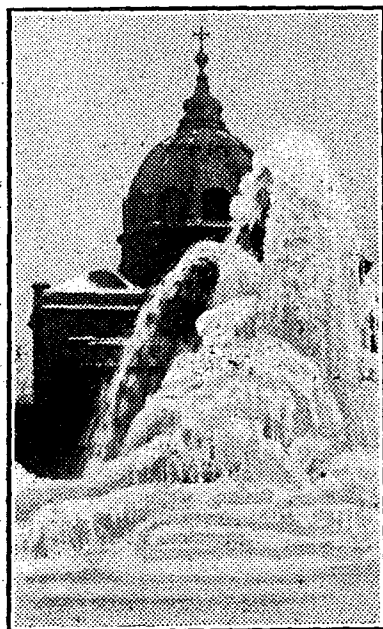
Great Sailing-Ship to Lose Her Masts—The Monkbaron, one of the last of the big sailing-ships, is to have her masts dismantled, when she will be used by a Norwegian whaling company. Here is an unusual view of her masts of rigging



America's Mechanical Ears—This machine has been designed to protect the United States coast against air attacks. It detects the faintest noise of an aeroplane engine, and indicates the direction from which it is approaching



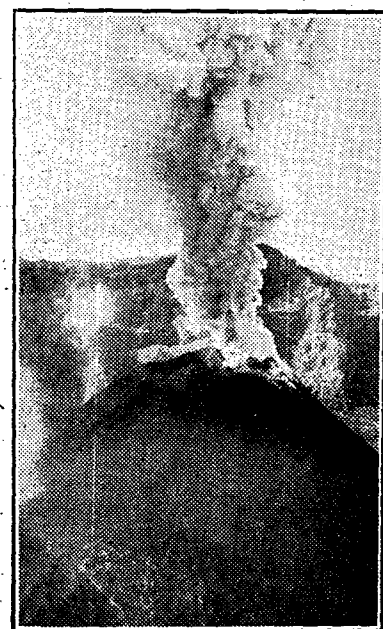
The Great Dane—One of the biggest dogs is the Great Dane, which, as we see by this picture, is about the same size of a small pony. This Great Dane attracted much attention at a dog-show at the Alexandra Palace, London



Jack Frost's Work—This picture shows how a frost in Philadelphia turned a fountain into a fantastic mass of ice



C.B. With His Boys—The training-ship Mercury, in the River Hamble near Southampton, is commanded by C. B. Fry, the famous cricketer and athlete. In this picture we see him instructing some of the boys for a great display of physical drill in which they were to take part



Vesuvius Wakes Up—A recent eruption of Vesuvius alarmed people living near the volcano. Here we see the crater



The Beginning of a Great Bridge—Work is now in full swing on the big bridge which is to be built over Sydney Harbour, and here we see the first steel girders being erected



A Lesson on the Land—The boys of Newdigate School, near Dorking, Surrey, always enjoy this lesson, which not only teaches them agriculture, but gives them exercise in the open

THE SLEEPERS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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